

ARLINGTON ENTERPRISE

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N. J. HARDY,

657 Massachusetts Avenue,
ARLINGTON.

WITH BRIGHT PROSPECTS.

Methodist Episcopal Church Organized
at Arlington Heights—Presiding
Elder Present—Success Crowns Un-
tiring Work of Rev. Walter G. Smith.

Arlington has now a regularly organized Methodist Episcopal church. Through the untiring efforts of Rev. Walter Grant Smith, and assisted by the loyal Methodist people of the town, the organization which has been looked forward to was completed Monday evening at Crescent hall, Arlington Heights. The organization was in charge of Rev. J. H. Mansfield, presiding elder of the Cambridge district, and the church starts on its career with the most encouraging prospects.

If the reader had been at the corner of Park and Massachusetts avenues late in the evening of April 21, he might have seen a monk-looking theological student, clad in storm coat and rubbers, and carrying an umbrella and a Bible, alight from the street car and wend his way, through the persistent downpour of rain, to a private residence where the first meeting of the Methodist Episcopal church of Arlington Heights was held. The congregation was small but fervent, and included a few of the Methodists of Arlington Heights who had been called



REV. WALTER G. SMITH.

together at a moment's notice by their newly arrived pastor, the Rev. Walter Grant Smith, who had been sent here from the New England conference to commence the formation of a society. Following the action of Presiding Elder J. H. Mansfield, they decided to hold revival meetings, commencing April 26, in Crescent hall. The conditions confronting them were peculiar. During the preceding five or ten years, a large number of Methodist families had moved to the Heights. Some few made spasmodic efforts to attend services in the city, but the street car fare and expenditure of time made these attempts anything but encouraging. Others, making the most of what was offered, entered into religious work with the Congregationalists or the Baptists, who were already on the grounds. Still others, having conscientious scruples against the requirements of baptism and of communion in one church, and against the liberal indulgence of members of the other church, in dancing and card playing, waited and prayed for the starting of a Methodist church. They had the privilege of starting the church themselves by organizing themselves into a class, but it seems no one of them was willing to take upon himself the responsibilities of leadership.

To gather together these scattered forces was the task of Rev. Mr. Smith. The revival meetings went far in accomplishing the work. The liberty of several of the members of the First M. E. church of Boston solved the financial difficulty at the start. The financial help and encouragement of Rev. Frank Hamilton greatly aided, also the assistance of Rev. H. P. Rankin. Then the willing and effectual work of the students from the School of Theology at Hamilton greatly aided, also the assistance of Rev. H. P. Rankin. Then the willing and effectual work of the students from the School of Theology at Hamilton greatly aided, also the assistance of Rev. H. P. Rankin.

The membership of the new society numbers 28, eight of whom are probationers. A board of trustees and a board of stewards were elected. Mr. Grant Smith, and the various committees were appointed. The Sunday school is fully organized and doing good work. Last Sunday the school reached its highest point in attendance.

The Ladies' Aid society is also fully organized, with a membership of 17. Young people's meetings are held every Sunday evening at seven o'clock. One of the members of the church, the gentleman of the congregation are quite enthusiastic and energetic. The splendid entertainment given by the church last night bespeaks for them worth and enterprise rarely excelled.

Following is the declaration of purpose and the charter membership roll:

In order to secure the blessings of the gospel, as preached through the Methodist Episcopal church to our families, to our neighbors, to our whole community of 2,000 souls, to the Methodist already here, and to the Methodist to come.

In order to worship God in the beauty of holiness and to exalt His Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ, we, the undersigned, affirm our signature as charter members of the Methodist Episcopal church of Arlington Heights.

Walter Grant Smith, Fred J. Harding, John E. Woodend, James I. Smith, Harry S. Bacon, Wm. R. Stiles, Mary F. Harding, Minnie A. Smith, Margaret J. Lawson, Georgianna H. Bacon, Rosanna A. Dow, Fernando Miles, Mrs. Fernando Miles, Alice Southall, Ophelia Stiles, Carrie E. Manley, Edwin A. Torrey, Eva Hewson, Winifred Hewson, Louisa Reid, Isabelle McMillan, Mrs. J. E. Woodend, Mrs. Geo. Disston, Robt. B. Horr, Mary C. Kenney, Helen Willey, J. F. Winchester, Jas. A. Southall.

This is the board of stewards elected: Fred J. Harding, Wm. R. Stiles, Fernando Miles, J. E. Woodend, J. I. Smith. The board has charge of divine services and the financial support of the pastor.

The board of trustees, which has charge of the church property and also of providing a place for holding services, is composed of John E. Woodend, Geo. Disston, H. S. Bacon, H. T. Hewson, J. I. Smith, J. M. McMillan, Jas. A. Southall, J. E. Woodend, F. J. Harding.

Rev. Walter Grant Smith, the pastor, is a western man, a native of Kansas. His education has been obtained in Boston university, Montana Wesleyan university and the Kansas state normal school. He has spent two years in Boston University School of Theology. A business experience has not been denied him, either, being for two years business manager of Wray & Freund's hospital, Butte, Montana, one of the largest contract hospitals in the west. He bears the distinction of being a member of the Gospel Ten, a company of ten of the best men in the world, who did evangelistic work in and around Boston last winter. His wide

(Continued on Page Four.)

BLANKETS OF BRASS

Now Made by the Severy Process Co.
in Arlington—Invention of Melvin
L. Severy a Promising Success—
Several Large Orders.

One of the recent additions to the industries of Arlington, and one which is, perhaps, destined to make money for the inventor and the company which manufactures the product, is situated at 1063 Massachusetts avenue, or between Arlington Center and the Heights. The plant is operated by the Severy Process Co., and the product which is being turned out is the Severy process, a contrivance which, it is claimed, will be of immense value to printers all over the world. The inventor of the process is Melvin L. Severy, of Arlington Heights, who is also superintendent of the local plant and a director of the company. For some six years the company has manufactured a process which was intended for the same purpose as the present process, but the new one is believed to be a great improvement on the former and is destined to become much more popular and universally used.

The process is a brass blanket, which is an automatic make-ready for printing presses, and more particularly cylinder presses. The blanket is the substance upon which the paper to be printed runs when it comes in contact with the type. It first consists of a thin sheet of rubber, muslin coated on the outer surface. Over this is drawn a sheet of hard spring brass which is perforated with slits about one thirty-second of an inch apart. Over this are drawn a few sheets of ordinary manilla paper, and the process is complete. The advantages claimed for the new process are many, but particularly that any kind of printing can be done on a press with such an even appearance, without too much impression on the paper and without any one part of the print having more impression than another. The secret of the whole thing is the brass sheet and the slits, the brass sheet being the press cylinder in such a manner that these sections made by the slits are like so many springs, and should a piece of type in the form be higher or lower than the others, the springs to the brass will remedy the difficulty. Particularly is this important in the printing of papers with numerous half-tone cuts and the ordinary printing type, as the process being given great praise where it is used.

Previous to the manufacture of this particular process, there was a material difference between the new process and the old one, and was called a wire press. It consisted of small, short wires, and the contact of the type had a regular, similar to the new process, but there were some disadvantages. The wires pressed had to be partly made over to allow the thick process to be applied. The new process is thin, and therefore the wires are not needed on the press.

While the manufacture of the new process has been going on but a few months, having been begun in March, it has already secured several large orders, and is now being manufactured in Washington, D. C., Pittsburg, Pa., Wheeling, West Va., Albany, Buffalo and New York city.

The plant where the process is now being manufactured is a two-story building, and is well fitted for that kind of work. The brass used comes in sheets from brass manufacturers, and is cut to 48 inches in width, usually about nine feet long and fifteen to twenty thousandths of an inch thick. It is first run through a cutter or perforator, making a series of slits, and then through a pair of heavy rollers, or will be when the rollers arrive, for owing to the large steel strike, the work of getting them much delayed, and the rollers were done at Taunton. The new rollers weigh about 40 tons and are 72 inches wide. After rolling, strips of brass are soldered on to the front and rear ends of the sheet, and the front end is bent over to an angle of 90 degrees, which is to fasten the sheet to the press cylinder. The sheets are then trimmed to the size or shape desired, and a strip of brass is riveted to the rear end of the sheet. This is to wind upon the reel at the back edge of the cylinder.

While the machinery necessary for speed in getting out the blankets has not yet all arrived at the shop, the company is keeping steadily at work turning out enough to fill orders. There are 16 men employed at the plant at present, including Supt. Severy, George S. Heath, William R. Flint, William L. Flint, A. L. Flint and A. F. Carter, all of whom are skilled workmen. The plant is powered by an electric dynamo, and a 60-horse-power dynamo will soon be installed. When the plant is fully equipped, it will be able to turn out 100 blankets a day, which will be enough to ensure to the inventor and the company a good, round bonus for their labor and capital and at the same time overcome, to a great degree, according to reliable sources of information, one of the obstacles in the making ready of a press for the execution of high class work.

ARLINGTON GOLF.

On the links of the Arlington Golf club, Saturday afternoon, there was a team match between the Concord Golf club, which was won by the home team by a score of 2 up.

Summary:

Wood	5
Hill	5
Bailey	2
Brooks	2
Total	9

CONCORD.

Keyes	0
Rolfe	0
Graves	1
Bradford	0
Cobb	6
Total	7

The contest for the C. O. Hill cup has been completed during the week, and the cup has been awarded to Theodore Belford, who made 16 points. F. H. Hulbert was a close second with 15 points.

A WORTHY OBJECT.

Papers are being circulated asking for subscriptions for the benefit of the wife and four small children of the late William Connors, of 44 Beacon street, who was killed by a fall in Norton's building. The fund was started in a substantial manner by one of Arlington's well known citizens, and other contributions which may be offered may be left at H. A. Pershing, 1063 Massachusetts avenue, Arlington. The death of the husband and father is indeed a sad one, he being the only support of the family.

The gutta serena on one of the relays at the passenger station was burned Thursday night, and the relays were damaged. From some unknown cause, a heavy electric current was coming over one of the wires, and a blaze was the result of the sparks. The wire was cut out soon after, and but little damage was done.

ALLEGED BRIBER GONE.

Theodore W. Park, of East Lexington,
Leaves for Parts Unknown—With
Female Companion He Removes
Household Goods Before Wife's Eyes.

Theodore W. Park, of Curve street, East Lexington, has left the town. He left Wednesday morning in company with Miss Carrie Underwood, a former resident of East Lexington, and left no word as to where he was bound. In company with Miss Underwood he drove up to his house and in the presence of his wife the two proceeded to remove the household furniture and other things from the house. Mrs. Park, almost overcome with surprise at the movements of the pair, could hardly utter a protest for some time. Finally words passed between the parties, but Park and the Underwood woman took sides against the wife, and were not talk. Mrs. Park was much more calm than the average woman would have been under similar circumstances, but the others seemed only too willing to make the scene a disagreeable one for the wife, so it is claimed. Just what was said and just what was done cannot be stated for a fact, for Mrs. Park prefers to remain silent about the matter. But some of the neighbors who heard the talk are bitter in their denunciation of the two and loud in the praises of the wife, and some say they would not have allowed the pair to go away alive. Two stoves, chairs, beds, and all kinds of furniture and utensils were loaded into the wagons and then the couple bade Mrs. Park a last farewell.

It is claimed that even some of Mrs. Park's personal effects were not spared, and that everything wanted was put into the wagons and removed. Mrs. Park will be remembered, is the Lexington man who is awaiting trial for bribery of votes at the special election of George W. Taylor in his contest for the office of selectman and under oath admitted that he offered two men two dollars each to pay their poll taxes if they voted for Mr. Taylor. He left town. A warrant for his arrest was issued and he was later arrested. His case was continued by the district court until fall, and if sentenced may come up before the superior court on an appeal at the fall term. He is under \$500 bonds furnished by his son, Edward W. Park, of Somerville. The elder Park is well known in Lexington, is a veteran of the Civil war and about 55 years of age.

He was married to his present wife about thirty years ago, and while for the few years there have been some neighborhood gossip as to domestic difficulties, Mrs. Park is not believed to have been in any way to blame. In this present trouble she has the sympathy of the entire community while Parks is blamed for all the trouble.

What Mrs. Parks will now do is not determined, but she may live with her son in a brief interview with an Enterprise man, yesterday, she said: "No, I have nothing to say about the affair; nothing at all. If the townspeople wish to accuse the wife, let them do so, but I do not care to speak of it." Mrs. Park appeared somewhat downcast, as though suffering from her troubles, but greeted her friends cheerfully.

Miss Underwood is believed to have been living in Acton, Mass., for the past year.

THE THIRD VICTIM.

Arlington Boy Drowned in Waters
of Spy Pond—Would-be Rescuer
Dragged Down and then Released
His Hold—Body Recovered.

The third death by drowning in Spy pond within five weeks occurred Thursday afternoon about 2 o'clock, the victim being John F. McGrath, the eleven year old son of Dennis J. McGrath, of 13 Teel street, Arlington. He had gone to the pond to swim, and was at a point not far from the end of Linwood street. Another bath in the water at the time was Charles W. Fitzgerald, of 62 Berkshire street, Cambridgeport, an employee of the Boston Elevated company. The latter says he warned the McGrath boy not to go too far into the water for he was aware there were dangerous places in the pond where the bottom took a sudden slope. The young lad, however, replied that he could swim, and splashed about in great glee. Suddenly the man saw the boy sink out of sight, and at first thought the lad was trying to scare him. He quickly realized the danger, however, so hastening to the spot the man reached out his hand and caught the boy as he came to the surface. As Fitzgerald could not swim himself, he became frightened when the latter dragged him partly under water, for he felt his feet slipping down into the hole which had caught the young lad. The man then released McGrath for an instant and was unable to recover his grip a second time.

The police were notified, and Officer Hooley, who was in charge of the station, directed Officers Barry, Duffy, Smith, Irwin and Fall to go to the pond and attempt to recover the body. They were ably assisted by Joseph Monahan, janitor of the boat club house, and John Connell, the assistant janitor. Officer Smith dove several times for the body, but without success, but at 5:30 the grappling iron brought the boy to the surface. Medical Examiner Swan, of Cambridge, was sent for, but he could not be located, and Medical Examiner Durell, of Somerville, gave permission to remove the body to the home of Mr. McGrath. Medical Examiner Swan viewed the remains yesterday morning. The funeral will be Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The young victim was the oldest son of the family, and was a particularly bright lad. His father is a printer.

DR. PAINE AGAIN.

Dr. Sumner Paine, of Chestnut street, Boston, has brought a libel in the Suffolk superior court asking for a decree of divorce against his wife, Mrs. Salome Paine. He alleges that she has not been faithful to her marriage vows.

He has secured possession of his adopted daughter who has been living with her mother. Mrs. Paine will seek to regain the custody of the child through the courts.

The officers of the Arlington Traders' association are planning for an outing at a grove in Lynnfield, Thursday, Aug. 1. The trip will be by special electric cars direct to the grove, and the members of the association are expected to turn out in large numbers.

J. J. TOOMEY,
Fashionable Hairdresser.

Pompadour and Children's Hair-cutting a Specialty. Razors Honed and Recurved.

HUNT BLOCK, MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

MISS K. T. McGRATH,
Dressmaker.

456 Mass. Ave. Arlington.

HURLED THROUGH SPACE.

Charles Lindskom, of Lexington, Has
Double Escape—Lies Unconscious on
Car Track After Bicycle Accident—
Wrapt in Bandages Is Glad He Lives.

Charles Lindskom, of Muzzey street, Lexington, is at home in bed, with his limbs, body and head covered with bandages, as the result of a bicycle accident which he encountered Thursday evening while riding from Lexington to Bedford. While no bones were broken, he was bruised from head to foot, and for an hour after the accident he was unconscious. He was seen at his house, yesterday morning, by an Enterprise reporter, to whom he told this story: "I left my house about 7 o'clock in the evening, with Joe Flandley, with whom I work in the employ of Tailor Bros. We both had our wheels and decided to take a run out to Bedford to listen to the band concert, and return as soon as it was over. I left word with my wife that I should be back about 9 o'clock, and we started off in good spirits. We had gone some distance, and was just beyond the boundary line of the two towns. Flandley was ahead of me, and I followed his wheel closely. I can remember seeing John Hudson on a wheel just ahead of me, then a crash, a leap into the air, and—well, the next thing I remember I was sitting in the office of Dr. Wood, of Bedford. I had pains in every joint and part of my body. He dressed the wounds and then sent me home. In the morning the doctor again attended me, and I am feeling as comfortable as can be expected. As for my bicycle, I don't know where it is, and care much less. I suppose it is smashed to bits, and doubt if a piece larger than your hand can be found. It seems to me that when I was thrown from the wheel, I went 20 feet through the air, and the only wonder is that I am alive and as comfortable as I am."

Mrs. Lindskom said she waited for her husband to come home, and became alarmed when he did not put in an appearance at the stated time. "Finally a man came to the door," she said, "and wanted a lamp brought to the stairs quickly, and when I saw the two men bringing my husband upstairs, covered with blood and bandages, I fainted away. When I recovered, I learned that he was not fatally hurt, but the shock to me was something awful."

Hudson, one of the principals in the affair, says the accident was a frightful one, and he never expected to see Lindskom alive, after it. He says he was riding along toward Bedford, when, about 7:40 o'clock, he heard the bicycle behind him. It proved to be Flandley, who forged ahead, and as he did so, the pedals struck Hudson's wheel, ripping out the spokes and throwing Hudson to the ground. Before the latter had a chance to rise, he saw another man come from behind, strike the broken wheel on the ground with his bicycle, rise in the air, and fall with a crash, sliding several feet upon his face and side. It was Lindskom, and before Hudson could get up he saw an electric car bearing down upon the unconscious man lying in the middle of the car tracks. He rushed to his side and tried to pull him away, and his action was seen by the motorman, who stopped the car about 20 feet from the spot. Lindskom was put aboard the car and taken to Bedford, where he was cared for. The other two men also went on to Bedford, and returned later in the evening. The escape of the injured man was the more remarkable from the fact that it was a double escape, once from a broken neck, and once from being run over by the electric. Had Hudson been rendered unconscious when he fell, Lindskom would doubtless have been crushed by the car.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

Radcliffe, the deaf mute, pitched for the Boat Club Saturday afternoon, and as it was his first game, he did great work. He was well supported, and the boys defeated the regular Arlington nine 3 to 2. The work of Abbott and Wood for the victors, and that of D. Dale, Sheehan and Freeman for the Arlington, was very commendable. The score:

	bh	p	a	e
Gray as	2	3	4	0
Harris of	2	4	0	0
Abbott 3b	1	2	6	0
Rankin rf	2	1	0	0
Christenson lf	2	0	1	0
Twombly 1b	1	7	0	1
Jellison 2b	2	3	1	0
Wood c	3	1	0	0
Radcliffe p	1	0	1	1
Totals	15	27	14	2

	bh	p	a	e
D. Dale 3b	2	2	4	0
J. Dale cf	1	0	0	1
Sheehan 2b	2	2	1	0
Quinn p	2	0	4	0
Berthrong ss	1	0	2	1
W. Dale lf	1	3	1	1
Donnell rf	0	2	1	0
Freeman c	0	6	2	0
O'Neill 1b	1	11	0	0
Totals	10	24	14	3

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Arlington 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0—12

Runs made, by Gray 2, Harris 2, Abbott, Rankin, Christenson 2, Twombly 2, Jellison 2, Radcliffe, Freeman, O'Neill, Two-base hits, Abbott, Rankin 2, Christenson, Wood, Radcliffe, Stolen bases, Gray, Christenson, Twombly, Jellison, Radcliffe. First base on balls, Gray 2, Rankin, Jellison, Radcliffe. Double play, Abbott and Jellison. Passed balls, Freeman 3. Hit by pitched ball, Christenson, Twombly, J. Dale. Umpire, Duffy. Time, 2h.

The Arlington Boat club will play the Wellington team on the Medford street grounds today.

Enjoy a Cool Breeze

these hot days by having a fan
motor. For sale or to rent

Electric Torches

just the thing for camping out.

Gas and Electric Stoves
Flat Irons, Curling Irons,
Heaters, etc.

Portable Lamps and Fancy Shades.

R. W. LeBaron,
Electrician and Contractor.

474 Mass. Avenue, Arlington, Mass.
Telephone Connection.

"SHE LOVES ME—SHE LOVES ME NOT."

Tell me, yellow daisy,
Of your subtle art
As you softly whisper,
"Loves me, loves me not,"

Is your message poignant
With fatality
And your answer uttered
Irrevocably?

As I drop your petals
On the soft green sod
Does she truly love me
If the number's odd?

If the number's even,
Do the fates decree
My love unrequited;
We must parted be?

"Loves me, loves me not?"
All I long to know
Plucking now your petals,
One by one they go.

—Lawrence Brainerd in Boston Journal.

NANCY'S LOVERS.

How They Fought For Her
Under Water.

"You didn't forget the widow, did you, Tom, when you paid the lad off? We've been on a pretty long cruise this time, and like enough she'll be in need of many more things than the boy's wages will buy for her."

"Oh, no, Bill, I didn't forget Nancy! I put two ten dollar bills in an envelope, one from you and one from me, and gave them to the young chap for his mother. But I say, Bill, I think that on the next job we'd better 'dress' the boy and let him make a 'dip' alongside of either one of us, while the other 'tends' him. My word for it, he will make a good diver after a little practice, with such men as you and I to teach him the business."

"I guess you're right, mate," answered Bill. "If Neddy has a liking for the work and the widow don't object, the lad might as well commence now as any time. I'll take a walk up to the cottage tonight and see what Nancy has to say about it. She may think it's most too dangerous a business for her only boy; but, Lor', Tom, ain't you and I spent half our lives under water and are none the worse for it now?"

"That's so, Bill. Why, a diver in his armor, with a good 'tender' at the surface, is just as safe as a parson in his pulpit. Yes, you'd better go and see Nancy," continued Tom reflectively, "and have a talk with her. And, say, mate, see if she wants anything, so that we can get it for her afore we go away again."

"All right, old man. So long!"

Bill had just disappeared when the captain of the schooner emerged from the cabin and approached the solitary figure on deck.

"Ah, Tom," he began jocosely; "counting the stars or thinking over your past sins?"

"No, cap; you're wrong about the stars, for I haven't cast an eye aloft for the last half hour, but as for the past—yes, I was beginning to think over that a little. I often think over it. Sometimes I'm pleased with the recollection, and then, again, I wish it had been somebody else that had gone through what Bill and I have and not us."

"Why, man, what is it that you and your mate have done that you dislike to recall to mind? I've known you both for nearly 20 years, and though I say it to your face, I never saw two squarer men on salt water in my whole life."

"Well, cap'n, I think we have done pretty near what is right since you sailed in our company, but shortly afore you fell in with us there was something that happened which both Bill and I would give all we are worth if it hadn't, although I'm beginning to feel that it might have been for the best, as it brought forth what little there was of good in the characters of two men."

"I have always believed that there was a page in your histories which would prove of deep interest, but one which you have hitherto carefully guarded. Now, if it is not asking too much, I beg that you will make a confidant of me and accept the word of a sailor that I will never reveal the secret."

At this Tom hesitated ere he began.

"Cap, although Bill and I never said that what happened that day we wouldn't talk about, yet we have mutually kept silent on the subject, more because it wasn't real pleasant for either of us to think of than because we were ashamed to let the world know what confounded fools we made of ourselves. Yes, cap'n, I'll tell you. It was way back in '85, when Bill and I were working together on a wreck just inside of Chesapeake bay, between Cape Henry light and Hampton Roads."

"We had come down from New York and were pretty spruce young chaps in those days. Now, it seemed, although neither one of us knew it, that we were both thinking considerable of the same girl. We had been aboard of a wrecking schooner about the size of this one for nearly two weeks when one Sunday I was overhauling my things in the fore-cabin and was just taking out a picture of the 'little one' that I'd left up home. Bill came along and, looking over my shoulder, says: 'Hello, chum! Who have you got there?'"

"Says I, as honest as could be, handing him the picture, 'That's the woman I hope to be my wife some day.'"

"Your wife! says he as he took the photograph. 'My God! That's Nancy Stewart! And, glancing up, I saw Bill staring at the picture with his face as white as a new gaff top! Then, thrusting the likeness into his pocket, he hissed through his clenched teeth, 'No, Tom Baxter, she will never be your wife! And, turning, he sprang up the steps out of the fore-cabin before I could stop him. 'As you may imagine, I was boiling mad and surprised as well. I followed Bill on deck and saw him sitting on a water cask, with both hands up to his face. I approached him, and, touching him on the shoulder, I asked as gently as I could for the return of the picture."

"As he looked up to me the expression of his countenance was that of a maniac. His features were distorted with either anger or anguish, I know not which."

"Come, come," I said after a pause, during which my chum glared vacantly at me. 'Give me back the photograph.'"

"The answer I received was a blow, and down I went as though shot, with Bill on top. I was considerably stronger than he in those days and soon got the best of the affair. I held Bill down on deck with one hand at his throat and

with the other pulled the picture from his pocket, but in doing so it was torn in two, and I only secured one-half. At this instant our shipmates separated us, and for the rest of that day we avoided each other as much as possible.

"On Monday morning, as we were 'dressing' ourselves side by side, as usual, ready to go down to work, I could hear Bill muttering under his breath, and just as his 'tender' was screwing on the face piece to his helmet I caught a most malignant look upon his features, but he uttered no threats aloud."

"My companion had scarcely reached the bottom ere I was in the water and rapidly descending. I had made up my mind to give Bill as wide a berth as possible during the day and began my labors, stripping off the copper from the wreck well aft, while he was amidsthips."

"We had been down perhaps half an hour and I was commencing to feel a little more at ease when all at once I heard a slight tapping on my copper helmet, and a hand was placed upon my shoulder. I had been kneeling, but quickly rose to my feet and, turning, saw Bill standing before me, but his aspect sent a chill to my very heart. He was extending toward me a knife, the blade of which he touched with one finger and then pointed to my weapon, which hung in its sheath at my belt."

"I comprehended his meaning. It was a challenge to mortal combat. But what a place for such an encounter! I am ashamed to admit, however, that after the brief first instant of surprise I began to feel an insane desire to overcome and subdue my rival, even though it was in a struggle to the death."

"So, dropping the short iron bar with which I had been previously working, I drew my knife in turn. On seeing this move Bill reached forth one hand and grasped mine, which he gave a convulsive pressure, and then waved me back to prepare for action."

"Now began the battle. The thrusts, as you must know, were somewhat impeded by the pressure of the water, but still they were given with sufficient force, if they had not been skillfully parried, for any one of them to have proved fatal. In a little while we found ourselves locked, each with his left hand grasping the other's wrist, while the knives waved to and fro above our helmets."

"Suddenly I began to lose my air and was horrified to see a small piece of the rubber hose drop down before my eyes, and I knew that Bill had severed the pipe. But still at that moment I remember thinking that it must have been an accident, as Bill, even in his anger, would not take such a mean advantage over his adversary."

"Suffocation quickly followed, but before entirely losing consciousness I gave the signal to be drawn to the surface, and then I knew no more until I found myself lying upon the schooner's deck, with helmet off and my head resting on Bill's knee, wiping the blood and foam from my nostrils. He was 'dressed' just as he had been when going into the water, barring the removal of the glass 'face piece' in his headgear."

"When I opened my eyes and looked around, I saw him wave the rest of the chaps aside, and then he bent down until the cold copper of his helmet touched my cheek as he whispered: 'Thank God, Tom, you're safe. But don't, for the sake of our friendship, say a word of what's happened to our shipmates. And, oh, if you can forgive me yourself!'"

"Forgive him? Why, bless him, I've loved him since that moment. And never from that day to this has the affair been spoken of to any one but ourselves."

"How was it that he cut your hose, willing to take your life, yet still did so much to bring you to?" asked the captain incredulously.

"Bill was quick tempered, and he was in an awful rage. He would not have hesitated to have thrust his knife into my heart, albeit he would have been sorry for it the next instant, but cutting the 'pipe' was an accident, and when he saw the terrible death with which I was threatened his anger disappeared like the mists of morning before the gentle sea breeze. The boys told me that when I came to the surface I was in Bill's arms, and it was his own hands which unlocked the helmet from the 'collar' and gave me air. They also told me that he would not stop to have his 'weights' unbuckled nor his 'headpiece' removed, but just knelt down beside me, calling all the while for me to open my eyes, just as though I had been a brother."

"How about the young woman who was the cause of all this trouble? What became of her?" inquired the captain with much interest.

"Oh, Nancy? Poor girl!" said Tom. "Why, she didn't care nothing for either of us two fools. All the time we were thinking that we might prevail upon her to cruise in our company she had agreed to sign articles with a young mate of an East Indian. So when we found that out we both of us took a job which lasted us about two years down in Key West. But when we got back we heard that Nancy had been a bride, a mother and was then a widow, the poor chap whom she married having been lost at sea on his very next voyage."

"Then Bill and I hunted her up, and when we found her we adopted her for our sister. We came out here to Frisco, where business is better than on the Atlantic coast, and she came, too, and we've looked after her ever since."

"Her child? Did it live?" inquired the captain interestedly.

"Well, I reckon it did. Leastwise it was alive a couple of hours ago when I saw it going over the rail yonder with a mother's pay in its pocket to gladden a mother's heart," replied the old diver, with a quiet chuckle.

"What! Do you mean that Neddy, your 'tender,' is Nancy's boy?"

"That's just about the size of it, cap'n. And he's a boy that no woman need be ashamed of either, and if his mother will let the lad follow the business into which he's started—and that's what Bill has gone up to the house to find out—I'll wager my gear and 'dress' that within five years there won't be a diver on the Pacific coast who will 'dip' deeper or work longer under water than the same boy."

"But Nancy?" asked the captain.

"Will she never marry?"

"Eh, cap!" exclaimed the diver in a low voice. "Not until either Bill or I have 'sounded' for the last time and been laid away in our armor. Then perhaps she might."

As to Charity.

"I'm sorry to hear your late lamented aunt didn't leave you anything. I thought she believed that charity begins at home."

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Ida F. Butler Rebekah Lodge, No. 152.
Meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in Bethel Lodge room.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Circle Lodge, No. 77.
Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

No. 109.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month in K. of C. hall, over Shattuck's store.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Menotomy Council, No. 1781.
Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month in Grand Army hall, 570 Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.

UNITED ORDER INDEPENDENT ODD LADIES.

Golden Rule Lodge, No. 51.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, the second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Francis Gould Post, No. 36.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

Women's Relief Corps, No. 43.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursday afternoons of each month, at 2 o'clock.

SONS OF VETERANS.

Camp 45.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, on the third Wednesday of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

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Meets in St. John's Parish house, Maple street, second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

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Division 23.
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Board of health, on call of chairman.

Engineers fire department, Saturday before last Monday, each month.

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Services on Sunday in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue, Rev. Charles H. Watson, D. D., minister. Residence, 26 Academy street. Sunday service at 10.45 a.m.; Sunday school at noon hour; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6.30 p.m.; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Friday evenings, at 7.30, social service in vestry.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS BAPTIST CHURCH.

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HOW THE MOLE DIGS.

BURROWING METHODS OF THIS ODD

LITTLE ANIMAL.

The Amazing Rapidity With Which He Can Work His Way into the Ground—Peculiar Anatomy of This Curious Creature.

Of all the animals which assist in making life miserable for the gardener perhaps the mole is the most provoking. Just as a certain bed of choice seeds has worked into perfect condition, the mole, which may not have been near the garden for a month, comes back as though by special appointment and plows that bed from end to end. Back and forth he works through the loose soil, close to the surface, heaving up a little ridge of earth wherever he goes. He rapidly destroys the bed, though that is not at all his object in coming. He is really out on a hunting expedition. He is hunting for earthworms, slugs, grubs and insects which live in the ground and on which he depends for food. When he has finished his meal, he leaves the bed and pushes through the turf of the lawn until he reaches the garden wall perhaps. This proves a little too hard for him to plow through, so he comes out into the open, runs at quite a fair speed across the walk and then burrows into the turf again on the opposite side.

He probably does this at night, and the next day the seeds which he turned up during his hunt through the bed will die. If the sun is hot, they will be baked in the loosened earth, or if it rains they will probably be washed away. When the gardener discovers the damage, he will stride about the lawn, stamping in the loose turf with his heel, and we can hardly blame him if under his breath he says some very unpleasant things about the mole. Then he will probably set a mole trap in the hope that his little enemy will come that way again. And there he may have another disappointment, for the mole is quite apt to stay away until a nice line of young peas or carrots has begun to show above the ground. Then some night, after a shower of rain has softened the soil, he will suddenly return, uproot the line from one end to the other and disappear as before.

A curious little creature is the mole. From the tip of his nose to the root of his tail he measures something less than six inches, and his total length is increased by a rather short, straight tail, sparsely covered with short hairs. His body is covered with a beautiful, soft, lustrous fur, which may look any one of a number of colors according to the light in which you see it. In one light it will appear dark brown, and in others black, dark silver gray or purple possibly, and perhaps the most astonishing thing about it is the fact that an animal living in the soil should be able to keep his coat so beautifully clean and bright. In front the body terminates in a naked, cartilaginous snout, on the upper surface of which, close together, are two oblong nostrils. The snout is very flexible—so much so, in fact, that the animal sometimes twists it round and puts it into his mouth, from which he afterward withdraws it with a pop resembling the sound which might be made in drawing a miniature cork. I don't know why he does this unless it be to wipe the soil off his nose. When his mouth is opened, it will be seen that it is full of little teeth of several sizes and shapes and that it somewhat resembles the mouth of a diminutive pig.

At the first glance one would say that he had neither eyes nor ears, but buried deep in the fur are two little shining black dots, which are doubtless big enough for anything he ever requires to see, and about three-quarters of an inch behind them are two very small, round holes which lead to his ears. His forearms are hidden by the skin, his curious, semihuman hands alone being visible. The fingers are united, forming broad, leathery palms, which in life are flesh colored. They are armed with large, slightly curved nails and are excellent tools for digging with. The hind feet are small and slender, naked on the under surface and clothed with fine, short hair on the upper surface.

When the mole wishes to enter the ground, he brings the backs of his flat hands together in front of his nose and, digging them into the earth, makes a stroke just as a man does when he is swimming. He repeats the stroke again and again until he is soon out of sight below the surface. As he goes through the earth he twists his head from one side to the other and up and down, searching for earthworms and other dainties, of which he eats great numbers in the course of the 24 hours. When he finds an earthworm, he seizes it with the outer surfaces of his fore paws and crams it into his mouth, bit by bit, munching all the while, like a greedy boy eating a banana. When he is fed in captivity, the crunching on the gritty particles in the bodies of the worms can be heard at a distance of several yards.

When in his burrow, a mole can move backward almost as fast as he can move forward, and when for any reason he moves over the surface of the ground he runs on the edges of his front paws, with the backs of the latter toward each other. It is difficult to believe how quickly a mole can work his way into the earth unless one has actually watched and timed him. Last spring a kind neighbor sent me word that her gardener had with great trouble caught a mole which had been playing havoc in the garden and asked if I did not wish to come over and examine it. I accepted the invitation, and, finding the mole an unusually fine specimen, I at once began taking notes on the speed with which he could bury himself. The flower beds were well cultivated and soft from recent rain, and at the first attempt Mr. Mole was out of sight in five seconds. Just as his tail was disappearing I caught hold of it and pulled him out, to give him another trial. At the next attempt he was gone in a little over three seconds, and again I pulled him out, to see if he could better this splendid record. He did not try again at once, but ran about, as though searching for a particularly likely spot. At last he found it, and down went his front paws, with his long snout between them. I could see that he was going to break the record, and just as his tail was going into the earth I put my hand to seize it. But, alas, my fingers closed on the air! My friend the mole had struck right into one of his old burrows.—Ernest Harold Baynes in Hartford Times.

Inconsistency.

It shows how inconsistent we are when men's names are all spelled out on wedding cards, but not on divorce summonses.—Detroit Journal.

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PHILOSOPHY.

Stroke ye here an stroke ye there; Smooth the world an tak' your ease. There's nae use scratchin' o' a match Till ye want to raise a breeze.

Stroke ye here an stroke ye there; Smooth the world an keep it quiet. Folk are like to Tabby's tail—Ye canna put her backward by it.

Stroke ye here an stroke ye there; It's better rubbin' straight than crookit. Gin ye want to catch a fish, Ye've got to have the bait to hook it.

Stroke ye here an stroke ye there; Folk will stan' a deal o' strokin. A wee bit crum' that's swallowed wrang Gars ye do a deal o' chokin.

Stroke ye here an stroke ye there; Hide your chace an tak' your grippit. The folk that p' ag'in in the thorns Are gaen to hae their garments rippit. —Charles McIlvaine in Harper's Magazine.

HIS DEAR LITTLE GIRL

The Story of a Recreant Lover Who Changed His Mind.

That was what Terence Dawney had always called her ever since they had met and loved each other. He was in Ireland now with his regiment, but he wrote very regularly to his dear little girl, and, though there was no question of any formal engagement between them, he had assured her that their understanding was as sacred a bond to him as any public betrothal, and of course she believed him, for she was young and she loved him. She was thinking of him as she walked down the path to meet the postman. This was her letter day, and Irish letters always came by the midday mail to the Devonshire village where she lived within sight and sound of the moaning sea.

It was late in June, and the summer wind tossed her pretty hair against the cheeks, which were soft and flushed like a peach. The postman was coming up the hill. A smile crossed his weather-beaten face as he caught sight of the waiting figure.

"Two letters, missy, this morning," he said, as he sorted them from his bundle. "That's all, miss."

Two letters! She went out on the cliff side with them. One was, of course, from Terence. How well she knew his dear, untidy writing! She smiled as she put it in her pocket. That must be kept as a bonne bouche.

The other one was in quite strange handwriting, and she tore it open, looking at its contents with bewilderment. A blank sheet of paper inclosing a small newspaper cutting met her eyes. What could it mean? The color faded from her cheeks.

"We understand that an interesting engagement will be announced before the end of the summer, and we may safely offer our good wishes to the beauty of the year, Miss Sargeant, at the same time congratulating the gallant fance on his luck. Mr. Dawney is well known in Dublin, where his regiment is at present quartered."

The little bit of paper fell to the ground. Of course it was not true. It could not be true. Some one was trying to make mischief between them. That was all. Why, he was hers—he had been hers from the very first day that they had met! The newspaper did not know what it was talking about. She eyed the envelope with disgust. Who had done this thing? And who was Miss Sargeant? Terence never mentioned her.

She pulled his letter out of her pocket and opened it, reading it with a sudden chill which quenched the happiness in her pretty eyes.

My Dear Little Girl—I have hardly a moment for a letter, so I am afraid this will be very short, but there is so much to be done here just now, what with polo and goodness knows what else besides, that I have enough to do to get everything done in the day. I'm going down to stay near Cork next week with some people called Sargeant—jolly house and no end of gayeties, of course. I wish (here something had been scratched out) I could have managed to run over to you, but it is quite impossible. You see, there are our maneuvers coming on, and I must be within easy reach of headquarters. I don't know that there is anything of interest to tell you. I have been thinking lately that it's a bit rough on you to be kept hanging on for such an interminable time—note that I've altered, you know that—but, you see, things are not looking very bright for us, are they? It's awfully late. I must stop. Good night, dear little girl. Ever yours, TERENCE.

The sun was hidden by a thick cloud, the sea moaned on the rocks below, and a light wind ruffled the waves. It looked like a change in the weather. But the girl did not notice the signs of change. Her eyes were fixed unseeing on the letter in her hand. She stooped and picked up the little paper, which she had allowed to flutter to the ground unheeded. No need to read it again. It was imprinted on her memory for all time. She wondered what there was for her to do. Must it be renunciation?

That was a question to be answered at once, and before she turned her steps homeward she had made her resolve.

"Our dance, Miss Sargeant." The girl looked up.

"Is it? No; I don't want to dance. Do you mind if we sit it out?"

"Do I mind?" repeated Dawney, with a look in his blue eyes which only amused the beautiful Miss Sargeant. She had seen that look so often that it made little or no impression on her. Had she not danced and flirted through some dozen seasons and received more than her share of attention? Of course Terence was a nice, dear boy, but as to anything else—she laughed at the mere idea. She was striving for a higher destiny than that. In spite of all the society papers and their rumors.

Dawney looked at her as she lay back in a low chair waving a great feather fan to and fro. He believed in her thoroughly. He believed that here was the lady of his dreams.

"Have you any more dances to spare me?" he pleaded. "I know I was late, but that was not my fault."

"Not one left," she said indifferently.

She talked to him in her low sweet voice, and he was quite content to sit in the cool shadow and listen to her.

"And when do you go on leave?" she said lastly.

"That," he said steadily, "entirely depends on circumstances."

Why had she never written to him? Had she given him up without a word, without even a struggle?

The thought paralyzed him. Truly he was to be sorely punished for his madness.

His eyes fell on a revolver hanging

against the wall, but he turned away with a grim smile. He was not the sort to run away from trouble when he found himself face to face with it. He was no coward at least.

Then, with an exclamation, he seized a letter which was stuck up on the mantelshelf, possibly put there by his servant on the previous evening.

It was a letter from his dear little girl after all! For a minute or two he hardly dared open it. Then he tore it open and read its short contents with eager eyes.

"I should have written to you before now, my dearest—for you are always that—only I have been very ill and am only now up on the sofa and can only write you these few lines to say that I love you, dear, I love you so much that I must do what seems to me the only thing left for me to do, and that is to give you your freedom. I don't blame you, dear. I shall never think badly of you. Always believe that I love you better than anything on earth. I sign myself for the last time, Your Dear Little Girl."

Twice he read the little heartbroken letter. A knock at his door awoke him from his miserable thoughts with a start. "Eight o'clock, sir," said his servant's voice.

"Meaning the little girl you left in Devonshire?" she said, with a mocking smile. "Oh, I know all about her! Lord Carruthers—you know him?—told me he knew her people."

"I don't know what you mean," he said hotly. "There is but one woman in the world for me, and she's—"

He broke off. A couple were passing their retreat, talking in light, laughing tones.

"Rhoda Sargeant? Oh, she will end by marrying Carruthers, of course. She is only playing her usual little game with that nice boy, Dawney. She might spare such a youngster. That sort of woman has no mercy."

The voices trailed away into silence.

"You heard that?" said Dawney in hoarse accents. "But it is not true! It can't be true that you have been playing with me all these weeks!"

The woman looked at him for a moment. Some good angel, a rare enough visitor to her, urged her to tell the truth for once. She did so with a curious feeling of pity. The boy was in such earnest.

"It is quite true."

Dawney staggered to his feet. For a few terrible minutes he looked at her in silence—a silence which frightened her.

"Then heaven help the man who loves you," he said and turned and left her.

Terence Dawney sat in his quarters with his head buried in his arms. The cool dawn crept in through the windows on the motionless figure. For hours after his return from the ball he had not moved.

Presently he raised his head and looked about him with haggard eyes. He got up stiffly and drew a long breath.

His infatuation was dead. He had called it love in his youthful ignorance, but the bewildering light of truth had dispelled that idea forever. What a fool he had been! He stood for a moment looking out on the still, gray morning and with a sudden flood of remorse remembered the letter to which there had been no answer—the letter which in a moment of his blind infatuation he had written to his dear little girl. He loved her—loved her. Dear heaven, had he thrown away the substance only to find himself striving to grasp a shadow?

"Come in, Stevens!" he shouted as a sudden idea flashed upon him. "Put some things up in my bag. I may be away for a day or two. And just get my serge out, will you?"

He was still in his mess dress, but his man paid no attention to that. In a few minutes he was in his usual undress uniform and striding over to the colonel's quarters.

Obtaining three days' leave, he was able to catch the night mail from Kingstown to Holyhead, and the next afternoon saw his arrival at the little house where his dear little girl had struggled back to all the pain of life, which at present seemed shorn of all its gladness.

He walked straight in. There was no one to be seen, and, opening the door gently, he stole into the room where his dear little girl was lying looking out at the distant blue sea with such sad, tired eyes.

She looked around as she heard the door shut, and a cry burst from her lips—a cry which brought Terence to her side, and the next minute he was down on his knees, holding her to his heart and kissing the cheeks which had grown so thin and white.

"My sweet!" he cried. "Only tell me that you forgive me! Oh, darling, I have been nearly mad since I wrote that letter to you! Can you ever forget me and take it back? You shall know all, dearest. Only tell me that you love me first."

"That is such a very stale story," she whispered faintly, with a smile which told him that the gates of Eden had opened to him once again.—Woman's Life.

They All Got Seats.

A pugnacious looking young man with red hair awayed from a strap in a crowded Walnut street car the other evening and glared at a Chinaman who was fortunate enough to occupy a seat. Three or four women were also standing. The red haired young man fixed his gaze severely upon the Chinaman, but the latter appeared unconscious of his surroundings.

After a few minutes the young man tapped the Chinaman upon the shoulder and exclaimed: "See here, John, why don't you try to be an American citizen? Get up and give one of these ladies your seat." "Allee light," responded the Chinaman, immediately rising.

One of the women sat down, and then the pugnacious looking young man turned his attention to several other men who were seated, buried in their newspapers. "There are some other American citizens in this car," he remarked audibly to no one in particular, "who haven't the politeness of a Chinaman." One of the men arose and stood on the rear platform, where he was followed by two others, and the women eventually all secured seats.—Philadelphia Record.

Blowing His Own Nose.

When George IV was prince regent, he visited Doncaster, and at the time his royal highness was suffering from a cold.

One day the royal party were showing themselves to the people from a balcony. "Which is the prince? I must see the prince!" cried an excited old Yorkshire woman who had come to see the "first gentleman of Europe."

"That's him," said a bystander, pointing upward—"him with a handkerchief in his hand."

"Him!" cried the old lady in profound contempt. "That the prince! Why, he blows his own nose!"—London Standard.

A BATH IN FINLAND.

THE ENTERPRISE.

WILSON PALMER, . . . Editor.

Telephone 301-2.

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Saturday, July 20, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN ARLINGTON BY:

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SUMMER SCHOOLS.

Summer schools and school conventions are now in session in various localities the country through, and yet none of them will be productive of the least good unless there shall be introduced into the school room better methods of instruction and more practical subject matter to be taught. While the educational world is filled and running over with theory, it is falling far short in its practice. To do something is better than to merely say something.

THE ARLINGTON HEIGHTS METHODIST CHURCH.

As will be seen by the report in another column, the Arlington Heights Methodist church was organized on Monday evening by the presiding elder. The Enterprise extends congratulations to this new religious organization and its pastor, the Rev. W. G. Smith, for their promising outlook. Our Methodist brethren are an aggressive people in the best sense of that term. From John Wesley down, they have never rested on their oars. They have met in a large way a popular demand in the religious world. They have and preach a religion that appeals to the masses. Arlington Heights with its three churches is now in shape to put in its best work for sound morals, and for all that pertains to advanced religious thought. May the shadow of our churches never grow less.

"MORAL DUTIES OF THE CENTURY."

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale never revealed himself in a more charming way than he did in his recent address on the "Moral duties of the century," given at Greenacre Summer school. The entire address was replete with that sound Christian philosophy which seizes upon and makes its own those grand central truths which are the highest types of a perfected civilization and Christianity. Among other things which Mr. Hale said was the following: "That accursed introspection demanded by the old theologians is done with forever; and all the narrow individual inquiry about 'I' and 'me' and 'mine' is forgotten and trodden under foot. For the world really believes now what the fathers only pretended to believe, that every man must bear his brother's burden; that he who is greatest among us is the servant of all, and that we live each for all, and all for each." We gladly quote the above, as the Enterprise has had much to say, of late, of that higher and truer life which finds its expression in the welfare of another. To find our own place in the world, we must put ourselves in the place of that brother who needs our help. We can bear our own burdens all the better, when we have taken upon ourselves the burdens of another. To reach out after a struggling humanity is to gather in all that wealth of goodness which comes from a broad and generous love for others. We get little out of life, because we put so little into it. He who would reap an abundant harvest must sow with an unsparring hand. It is not easily explained why men and women will so impoverish themselves through their own stupid selfishness. The wealth of human hearts may be ours if we will only approach men and women everywhere in the spirit of brotherhood. Mr. Hale, in the course of his address, asks "What can we do to answer the Saviour's prayer 'that they all may be one'?" If we are all to be one," he says, "we must know each other; we must be able to put ourselves, every man in the other fellow's place." But read in full, in last Saturday evening's Transcript, this excellent address of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and then see if you cannot rid yourself of some of that selfishness which is now dwarfing your life.

THE MOST DIFFICULT OF ALL.

One of the most difficult of all things in journalism is to determine in an editorial way on what subjects one should write. There ought surely to be some natural relationship between the editorial and the time in which it is written. One would hardly write of our American Fourth of July at the time the president's proclamation is issued for a day of public thanksgiving and praise; neither would one be likely to eloquently discourse of the glories of the summer time while the winter is on with its ice and snow. There is, or should be, an eternal fitness observed in journalism; and yet, in many of our country journals, all sorts of subjects are discussed at times the most inopportune. We now have especial reference to the editorial department of the newspaper. The discussion of literary subjects is, of course, always in order, but topics having to do with current events should always be selected with reference to locality and time. It is not only important that one should know how to do his work, but it is quite as important that he should know when to do it. The world is crammed full of men and women who are forever saying the right thing at the wrong time, and thus their sayings, so ill-adjusted, have little or no effect. The thought and the time of its expression should be twin-born.

But the most of us persist in going on with our work in a hap-hazard way, and then wonder why so little comes of it. We have known a clergyman to waste a whole half-hour in the pulpit by learnedly discussing the subject of baptism, when he has had no candidate at hand either for sprinkling or immersion. We have known the physician to stoutly defend his treatment of typhoid fever, when scarlet fever was in evidence in

his neighborhood. We have known the otherwise good housewife doing her laundry work at that late day in the week when she should have been baking bread for the family and making ready her pot of baked beans for Sunday. Now the fault in all these instances that we have mentioned is this, namely: There has been no logical relationship between the work done and the time of doing it. War should not be declared in times of profound peace, neither should peace be declared while the war is on and the commanding general is at the front. This out-of-season way of doing things will bankrupt both the individual and the public. That newspaper that the most flourish and the longest survive which regards with zealous care the law of eternal fitness. That editor who has in mind his imperative duty as well as his rare privilege to select his editorial subjects after no little study, and thought. This swinging the pen for no other reason than to fill the paper is an outrageous swindle upon the public. All journalistic work should be done with the avowed object of serving its readers timely and well. No other journalism is worthy of an intelligent patronage.

A LIMITED HORIZON.

A limited and near-by horizon invariably gives emphasis and identity to the home life. A wandering people almost without exception pitch their tents upon the plain. The horizon at far-off distances always invites one to roam the wide world over. Those living on our western prairies are always bound further west. They are continually on the move. It seems to be a law of our nature that to become a fixture we must be somewhat hemmed in. The home is underscored when surrounded by the hills and the everlasting mountains. The hermit always secludes himself among the mountain fastnesses. And so, here in this north country, one finds the home representing many generations gone before. The children here grow up into manhood and settle down in life in the same homes where their fathers and grandfathers were born. In these mountainous districts they marry and intermarry. The young men, as a rule, do not go into any "far country" to seek a wife. So that upon both sides of the home a similar and indeed almost the same history perpetuates itself. Here, the home is a growth of years, so that it becomes a family institution handed down from father to son, and from son to children's children. Now, there are some advantages coming from this restricted life. In the first place, you find no one here in northern New Hampshire anxious to pack up and get away. They are here, and here to stay. Here contentment reigns and all is peace. On the whole, this manner of life may not be the better way of living, yet it is an enjoyable way in which to spend one's vacation. It is restful to get away from the noisy, on-rushing crowd. To get apart from anxious business life is to put one's self in that delightfully happy condition where yesterday is as today, and where the tomorrow will bring no change. The philosophy of rest is found largely in standing still and being quiet. Let the world wag on, but do not you move out of your tracks, is to take things as they come. We are aware that it is often claimed there is rest in a variety of work—still, we insist that absolute rest can come only from doing nothing. To remove yourself from the anxiety of that business life of yours in the city, you need for a brief while to get yourself so far removed from it that you for a time will not only forget that you have any business, but that you will, partially at least, forget that the city exists in which you have had so active an interest. Just for a moment, imagine how peacefully quiet to sleep and eat and leisurely move and have your being where no steam car comes within miles of you—where the electric car is an unknown factor in locomotion. To us, there is cause for devout thanksgiving and praise to get temporarily out of sight of the schoolhouse, and out of sound of the church-going bell. These peaceful homes among the mountains are resting places on the great highway of life. These overhanging shadows chasing each other down these mountain sides and across and along these valleys, going and coming to the music of the winds, serve as an accompaniment to the spirit of rest everywhere found where the skies shut down within hand's reach of you. If you desire a real rest, just such a rest as will give you a new birth, then betake yourself to that locality where the horizon almost immediately shuts down upon you. When in or among these mountains, we never once think what may lie beyond them. They bound our world of dreamy, restful life. The sun rises for us alone, and the full-orbed moon looks down upon no other than those of us who dwell in these retreats defended and safeguarded by God's own hand. Yes, it is your near-by horizon that italicizes the home, and crowns it with that spirit of rest which creates for the active and overworked business man a new life and a new world.

THE DOUBLE ELECTRIC TRACK.

A good many objections are being urged in different localities against the double electric railway track, and for various reasons, one of which is the danger incurred by this two-fold track, while another is that our highways are seriously disturbed, and another reason is that the town through which such track is laid is not sufficiently remunerated. We suspect that this last reason is the most vital one with the public. We all want the last dollar we can get. So far as the danger incurred is concerned, by reason of the double track, it is always at a minimum. We hasten to put ourselves on record as being in each and every instance in hearty favor of the double track. In this progressive age of ours, when everybody in near neighborhood to our great centres of business life is on the go, one cannot afford to lose time by being side-tracked. We need to get there, and get there we must, so we must have a way all our own. There must be no returning electric track to meet. There must be separate tracks, going and coming. Who in making his way from Arlington to Winchester by the electric has not wished a thousand times over that between these two points there was a double track? Who has not been a good deal impatient in being side-tracked for ten or fifteen minutes, right in sight of Winchester? We have come to more than half believe that no single track of the electric railway should be allowed by the town. Give us double tracks or nothing. The

double track no more disturbs the highway than does the single track. And then, in case of remuneration to the town for the privilege of laying these tracks along their highways, the railroad companies are, for the most part, disposed to be fair and just. The town not infrequently forgets the full financial benefit coming to it, by reason of frequent and rapid transportation to the city, and return. What could Arlington, or any of the suburbs of Boston do today without her electric railways? We all these outlying districts of the metropolis could better afford to give the railroad companies the right-of-way than to be without the electric car. But this the town is not asked to do. The Boston Elevated Railway company is willing to pay for its right-of-way, and when differences of opinion arise between the town and the company as to remuneration, all this can be adjusted in a reasonable way. But remember that in no event can we well do without our double-track railway. This much we say at this writing, because there is a disposition being evinced on the part of some of our exchanges to discuss this subject of the electric railway as though there was a premeditated determination on the part of the Boston Elevated Railway company to gobble up all our highways for the purpose of laying their double tracks, without adequately paying for their rights. Now all this is being done by more than one newspaper in Middlesex county, that these same papers may seem to act as the interpreters of the rights of their immediate localities. These papers never tire of proclaiming that they are the benefactors of their patrons. It is too frequently the case that the editor of the country journal, hearing some leading man, it may be of his immediate neighborhood, and one, by the way, who takes his paper, speak unfavorably of the proposed double track, goes at once to his columns and in published form makes a trade against the railroad company, hoping thereby to increase his subscription list. All political economy is true to itself. The law of supply and demand will and must have its own, and it will not matter how much this or that one may write against this everlasting law. Arlington, for instance, in her business life demanded the electric railway, and so the railway came in answer to that irrevocable law of demand and supply. Now, when the electric road shall have connected us with Belmont, then will Arlington have become an important central point. The only thing needed in addition to this, in the line of transportation, is that all our electric railways shall be double-tracked.

The small boy hanging about while the young man is sparking his pretty sister may safely be written down as contempt of court.

There is no more sensitive organization in all the wide world than is the church choir. Usually its discords outnumber its chords.

That journalist who does not read his exchanges is attempting to play a lone hand, at which game he is bound to get euchred.

To strike the nail on the head, one must first have a nail to strike. Too many men hammer away in the air.

"If you don't see what you want, ask for it," has in it the spirit and philosophy of the learner.

Don't butt against the inevitable; and you will not unless you have an unusually thick skull.

"Counting ten" oftentimes effects more in making peace than does the long prayer.



When Sultry Summer Comes,

and even vigorous appetites are impaired by the depressing heat, those little delicacies and food preparations offered in our unequalled collection of choice groceries meet the emergency most admirably. Happily these discoveries in satisfaction require little or no cooking, and can be served directly from the can or package. We secure all the new things as fast as brought out, always leading, never following.

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IN PASTURES GREEN.

The Editor Communes With Nature, and Pictures His Dreams for the Enterprise—The New Hampshire Sunsets, Brooks and Fields.

Dear Whiteface, N. H., July 16, 1901.
 Dear Enterprise: We are sure that could the readers of the Enterprise have looked up into these heavens, last evening with us and seen the stars shimmering in the night sky, they would have joined us in the exclamation, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." Never before have we seen such a starlit sky. The heavens were literally filled with these shining orbs. That brilliant constellation of stars which we call the Milky Way was so clearly defined that it seemed a royal highway stretching itself across the entire heavens, whereby and whither might be seen. How often we have gazed up into those vast depths or heights of ethereal blue, shaded by the night-time, the more evident became that infinity of worlds. The Milky Way was so clearly defined that it seemed a royal highway stretching itself across the entire heavens, whereby and whither might be seen. 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THE ENTERPRISE.

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(Entered as Second-Class Matter.)

Saturday, July 20, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN LEXINGTON BY:

H. V. Smith, Lexington.
L. A. Austin, P. O. East Lexington.
W. L. Burrill, P. O. North Lexington.

THE FUNNY MAN.

What a rare specimen of wit and humor he is! And yet the so-called and self-assumed funny man is found everywhere. He will invariably laugh at his own jokes, and repeat and repeat his own stories. This funny man oftentimes writes for the columns of our metropolitan newspapers, the reading of which puts one in a brown study to learn where the fun or joke comes in. We read this morning the following in one of our Boston dailies, which we reproduce that our readers may laugh with us at the immense joke (?). And here is the joke or fun, as the head of the column names it.

Wife—"John, I wish you'd have burglar alarms put into the house. What if the burglars should break in and steal my sealskin jacket?" Husband—"Nonsense; there's no danger whatever—on second thought, perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea. They might steal my new overcoat."

The average funny column in our metropolitan newspapers is the very embodiment of all that is stale and flat. Well, we are not hypercritical or pessimistic. We recognize that there is such a thing as fun and wit and humor, but it nauseates us when we appreciate the sickly attempts made in these several departments of the humorous. It isn't every man who can be an Artemus Ward or a Josh Billings—so why longer try? Your funny man is usually the stupidest kind of a bore, and the newspaper which publishes his stuff comes wide of the mark.

AN UNWASHED CHRISTIANITY.

We have but little respect and less love for an unwashed Christianity. A dirty Christian has yet his salvation to secure. "Washed and made white" is the scriptural declaration. All this we say, having in mind the public bath. The Charleston News and Courier publishes the following paragraph, which our missionaries would do well to read before taking their departure to heathendom:

Bathing is a national institution in Japan. In 1890 there were over eight hundred public baths in the one city of Tokio, in which, it was estimated, 300,000 persons bathed daily, at a cost of about one cent each for adults, with a reduction for children. Think of it—over eight hundred public baths in one heathen city, and not eight in all the dozen Christian states in this general latitude, with their 25,000,000 inhabitants! And 300,000 clean heathens bathe "daily" in that one city, while millions of our dusty Christians do not bathe, on the same "altogether" scale, weekly, or even monthly. The comparison is vastly to our disadvantage and discredit, and the more so as it is an unwritten article of our creed that "cleanness is next to godliness." While we are so busily engaged in "opening doors" on the far side of the world on commercial principles, it would not be a bad idea, evidently, if we opened a few score on sanitary principles, at home.

It would be well if Japan would send to this country missionaries of cleanliness.

R. W. Holbrook,

Dealer in

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IVORY Flour
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LEXINGTON LOCALS.

In Lexington, Edward T. Harrington & Co. have sold for Alfred Pierce to C. Fairchild an estate on Massachusetts avenue, near Pierce's bridge. The lot contains about 10,000 square feet of land, on which is an attractive dwelling house. The price was \$4500.

In the finals for the spring championship at the Lexington Golf club, Monday, Clifford Pierce defeated R. L. Stevens by a score of 6 up and 5 to play, 36 holes. The selectmen are still face to face with three problems, and the hot weather has not yet hastened the settlement of any one of them. The double track problem is, perhaps, the leading one, and at the meeting of the board, Thursday, nothing of importance was done about it. The Woburn street crossing question is still being debated, and it is possible these two matters may come up for settlement at the meeting of the board this week. The appointment of a police officer to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Officer McInerney may lay over until the other problems are settled.

Col. Oakes, of the Fifth Infantry, has moved to the residence of J. H. Ingalls for the summer.

Miss Edith Cox, Byron Steele, Miss Margaret Tupper and Edwin Hutchinson leave Lexington tonight for Oakledge, East Harpswell, Me. They will go most of the way by boat, and will return Monday morning.

Chief of Police Charles H. Franks and wife go to Oakledge today for a week or ten days' outing.

Officer William D. Foster will fill the place of Chief of Police Franks while the latter is on his vacation.

Mrs. H. W. Lewis and son are soon to go to Freedom, N. H., for a few weeks.

The committee appointed by the town in the spring to investigate the matter of increasing the town water supply has been holding several meetings to discuss the various phases of the question, and Wednesday evening they decided to drive another well near the Seaverns spring, hoping to get an additional supply in that way. The well will be connected by pipe to the water mains as soon as the work is completed.

The contents of an ounce bottle of vitriol was accidentally spilled on C. A. Blake's left leg, Sunday afternoon, and a severe burn was the result. Medical treatment was required to ease the pain. Black clothing was burned where the acid touched.

George F. Ryan, of Exeter, N. H., a hotel employee at that place, is at the home of his father, John Ryan, owing to a sore foot caused by his being pierced by a rusty nail. He is able to walk about with the aid of a cane.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. James B. Fox, of Canton, preached an able sermon on "The Christian's Declaration" last Sunday morning, when a good audience was in attendance. The corporation meeting to be held Monday evening was adjourned to Friday evening, July 26.

The Christian Endeavor meetings and the Friday evening meetings will be held jointly every Friday evening during the summer.

North Lexington.

From stories circulated in this neighborhood it would appear that the selectmen might appoint a police officer for this section.

George Teague went to Somerville this week to look at a stray dog which had been found, in hopes it was his missing pet, but was disappointed.

George W. Sampson is suffering with a number of boils.

Miss Elvira Brown is at the Pan-American exposition.

Complaints are still heard of the unbearable odor from the loads of manure unloaded near the station.

DEFOULING CARS.

The matter of defouling the cars and stations of the elevated road was taken up by the management of the company soon after the train began to run, and the vice-president, Mr. Sergeant, made a report on June 22d, calling attention to the circular of the board of health of March 22, 1899, relating to spitting in accordance with the laws of the city, sufficiently adequate to meet the new conditions, but upon the suggestion of the company the board of health has passed a resolution which adjudges the deposit of spittle in public places as a nuisance, source of filth and cause of sickness, and prohibits in effect spitting on or from elevated cars or stations.

The company has had prepared notices in accordance therewith and will use every effort to put a stop to the disgusting practice. So far as it is feasible boxes filled with sand or rubbish barrels, will be provided at all stations for those who have not handkerchiefs, or are unwilling to use them.

MONEY EARNS FROM 25 TO 500 PER CENT.

Eastern people who wish to make big money on their investments should deal with the companies direct. We handle mines and mining stock; oil lands and oil stocks. You save the middleman's profit by dealing direct with us. Address C. F. Newcomb, Broker, Spokane, Wash.

East Lexington.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, of Curve street, gave a lawn party to relatives and friends, last Saturday. The affair was a family reunion, with relatives coming from all parts of the country.

Miss Leah A. Nunn gave a lawn party Friday afternoon, on the lawn of Charles P. Nunn, of Massachusetts avenue.

A picnic in the woods near Fern street was given by Miss Carrie Pawsey, Miss Edith Sim and Miss Lily Sim, Tuesday evening. Refreshments were served.

Mrs. Armenia F. Rumrill, wife of Winslow Rumrill, died at her home, Wednesday, of heart disease. She was 67 years of age. J. E. Garmon, of this place, and Roy Jackson, of North Lexington, were the pallbearers. The funeral was yesterday afternoon at her late home. Rev. L. D. Cochran conducted the service.

George Harrington, who has been at the Massachusetts General hospital for a few weeks for treatment, is expected home today.

Miss Henrietta L. Kenniston, of Manchester, N. H., is visiting with David Dyer, of family having remained with John C. Dinwiddie, who has been at Manchester for a vacation.

People here are anxiously awaiting the appointment of a police officer for this place.

LEXINGTON GOLF.

A team match between the Oakley and Lexington clubs was the attraction at the Lexington Golf club Saturday afternoon, and was won by Oakley by a score of 9 up. The summary:

OAKLEY.

Wellington, 2b. 3
Lord, 1b. 1
Crackell, 1b. 1
Chick, 1b. 1
Russell, 1b. 1
Total, 11

LEXINGTON.

Pierce, 0
Tyler, 0
Reed, 0
Stevens, 0
Wood, 0
Total, 0

In the finals for the spring championship at the Lexington Golf club Monday afternoon, Clifford Pierce defeated R. L. Stevens, 6 up and 4 to play, in 36 holes.

BURNED TO DEATH.

In an attempt to light an oil stove, little Anna Bell Carr, of Curve street, East Lexington, was fatally burned last week Friday afternoon at the home of her father, Frank A. Carr. The flames were quickly extinguished and the child was taken to the Massachusetts general hospital for treatment, but the burns were so severe that she died during the evening about 8.30 o'clock.

Anna, who was just nine years of age, was alone in the house with her younger sister, and the accident happened about 8 o'clock, she decided to light the oil stove, while making the attempt, some of the oil ran on to her dress and ignited. In an instant the frightened child started for the door and rushed into the yard screaming with terror and pain. Her cries attracted the attention of Frank Fletcher, who lives just across the street from the Carr family, and he quickly saw what was the trouble, he rushed to his barn, where he secured a horse blanket. In another instant he was beside the little girl, and wrapped the blanket about her, and hurried her to the house. Dr. H. C. Valentine was immediately summoned and after an examination of the burns, gave orders to take the child to the hospital at once, for he saw the injuries were severe. The flames had burned holes in the child's waist, scorching her arms and breast.

The removal to the hospital was made, but nothing could be done to save the child, and she died during the evening. The funeral was at the Carr home, Monday afternoon at 1 o'clock. The deceased was the second child of five children of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Carr.

THEY ALL AGREE TO IT.

He who takes himself to the shores of northern New England for a season of rest and recreation, finds many peculiar characteristics unknown to other sections of the country. The climate is ever delightful, the recreations of great variety, and the scenery of a magnificence beyond description. The visitor is delighted with the seclusion which penetrates the region, and a most remarkable feature of the New England coast resorts is that its patronage includes tourists from every state and country as well as from every walk in life. The hotels are without exception commodious and finely appointed, the service is of the highest order, and nothing remains undone that will add to the comfort of the summer sojourner.

The Boston & Maine Railroad reaches every part of northern New England, and the train facilities it offers to all points includes fast and frequent trains equipped with modern Pullman cars. If you are interested in this region, send a two-cent stamp to General Passenger Department (7), Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, for book on coast resorts.

TO BUFFALO IT IS.

Barnum's great circus was called the greatest show on earth, and even with its carefully worked out details, it is not comparable to the Pan-American exposition, which is now showing at Buffalo. The buildings are beautiful to behold, the electric effects nothing short of marvelous, the exhibits of a character interesting and instructive, the grounds a bewildering paradise, the midway, without exception, the most complete ever opened for public visitation, and all this in one of the finest cities in the country.

The Boston & Maine R. R. will carry you to Buffalo from any New England point, over a variety of routes, any one of which is picturesque and well served. The car service is complete, and the equipment of Pullman parlor and sleeping cars is of a high standard of excellence. The trains are fast ones and the rates low enough to attract every tourist. If you are going to do the Pan-American, send your address to General Passenger Department, Boston & Maine R. R., Boston, for the forty-page exposition book.

TAKE THEM IN.

Quite a considerable interest has been displayed by the horse men of New England in the summer meeting of the Breeders' Mile Track association which is to be held at Old Orchard, July 16 to 18. The purses offered are of sufficient size to attract the fast horses heretofore and the entries are well filled. The Old Orchard track is in fine condition and with good weather there is every reason to believe that the series of races will be as good as any ever held at Old Orchard.

For those who have never visited this famous resort it is quite in line to say that it is one of the finest beaches on the American coast. There are ample accommodations of first class order and the modes of amusement are entirely up to date. The Boston & Maine R. R. has placed its low rates on sale for this meet, which will include an admission to the races. Ask your ticket agent about them.

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WOULD BES NOW ARE.

Defeat Lexington Has Beens 13 to 2—Thirty-one Strike-outs in Seven Innings—Todd the Dictator.

The Would Bes and the Has Beens settled their differences as to which could win at baseball by a victory for the former Thursday afternoon. The game developed the fact, that if the Has Beens ever had been, it must have been a long time ago. It was a great pitchers' game throughout with 15 strikeouts for Lowe and 16 for McLellan. The fielders had but few chances to distinguish themselves. As this was expected before the game began, there were but few batters on either side, and the game progressed just as well with the 16 men as it would have with 18. Bevins was heartily applauded by the crowd for running, and resembled a tub of salt more than a ball player. Robb was the great batter of the day, making it his game time he came to the bat, while McCann distinguished himself by striking out every time he came up. Wellington also has four strikeouts to his credit. Special mention is made of the enthusiastic manner in which "Jim" Shelly chased four balls behind the catcher's fence. The umpire was Clarence Todd, and his work was little less than marvellous. Todd was master of the game, however, for he quelled all threatened disturbances by a wave of the hand, and his decisions were given promptly, sometimes before the play had been completed. The Would Bes expect to change the name of their nine to Now Ares. The score:

Would Bes.	ab.	r.	lb.	tb.	p.	a. e.
Welch, 2b.	3	1	1	2	0	0
Keefe, 1b.	4	3	2	4	0	0
Wellington, s.s.	6	1	0	0	1	1
Paul, 3b.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Daly, c.	4	1	1	15	0	0
Lowe, p.	4	1	2	0	2	0
C. R. Blake, lf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Burke, cf.	4	2	1	0	0	0
Robb, 3b.	3	1	3	6	0	0
McCann, lf.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	32	13	11	14	21	3

Has Beens.	ab.	r.	lb.	tb.	p.	a. e.
C. R. Blake, cf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Moakley, 2b.	3	0	0	0	1	0
Blanchard, 1b.	4	1	0	0	0	2
Ryan, ss.	4	0	4	2	0	0
Bevins, 3b.	3	0	2	0	0	0
Backerman, lf.	4	0	0	0	1	0
McCann, cf.	4	0	0	0	16	2
Totals	29	2	7	21	3	4

Would Bes..... 3 3 0 2 0 0 5-13
Has Beens..... 4 3 0 0 0 0 2
Two-base hits, Robb Three base hits, Robb. Stolen bases, Welch 2, Keefe, Wellington, Daly, Lowe 2, C. A. Blake, Burke 2, C. R. Blake, McLellan 2, Ryan 2, Bevins 2, McCann 2, C. R. Blake 3, Keefe 2, Robb, Daly, C. A. Blake, Burke, C. R. Blake 3. Hit by pitched ball, Welch, Lowe, Bevins. Struck out, Welch, Wellington 4, Paul, Daly 2, Lowe 2, Blake 3, McCann, Burke 2, C. R. Blake 2, Moakley 4, McLellan, Backerman 2, Blanchard, McCann 4, Wild pitches, McLellan 1. Passed balls by McCann 5, Daly 3. Umpire, Clarence Todd. Time of game, 2h. 40m.

FLANDERS—NORRIS.

Lexington Young People United in Presence of Many Friends.

Miss Lillian May Norris and Albert Fabian Flanders, both of Lexington, were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Norris, of Massachusetts avenue, Monday evening. Mr. Herbert L. Norris, brother of the bride, was best man, Miss Mary Dana, of West Lebanon, N. H., was bridesmaid, and little Grace Norris, a niece of the bride, was flower girl.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. F. Carter, in the presence of the relatives and intimate friends, after which a reception was held from 8 until 10 o'clock.

The house was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns and white roses. The broad verandas, screened with Japanese screens and lighted with Japanese lanterns, presented a fine appearance. An orchestra placed behind a screen of palms and ferns played throughout the evening.

The bride wore a dress of white silk muslin over white taffeta, and carried bride's roses. Miss Dana wore white chiffon over pink taffeta and carried pink roses.

Mr. and Mrs. Flanders were assisted in receiving by Mr. and Mrs. Norris.

Mrs. Bacon, mother of the groom, and Miss Dana. Among the guests present were friends from Pasadena, Cal., Plainfield, N. J., Boston, Cambridge, West Somerville and West Lebanon, N. H. The presents were numerous and handsome.

Mr. and Mrs. Flanders will be at home on Massachusetts avenue after Oct. 15.

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F. E. DOWNER,

Office at C. T. West's, Lexington.

THE BRIDEGROOM WAS LATE.

Why He Arrived Tossled and Covered With Cobwebs.

"One of the most embarrassing situations I ever saw," remarked a gentleman at one of the hotels, "was at a big wedding celebration at one of the large churches in a southern city several years ago. It was the event, socially, of the season, and the church was filled with belles and beaux. The bride and bridegroom were among the most popular of the social set. The young lady was the very essence of grace in all things. But the man who had won her was one of the most awkward specimens of humanity I have ever seen. He was simply built that way. He looked it. He walked more like a camel than any human being I have ever seen. He was the kind of fellow, too, who was always blundering except in business. In business he was keen as they made them, and among the older men in the commercial community he was held up as a splendid example of the young manhood of the time.

"But, getting back to the wedding, the wise, whispering folk who generally look after such things had arranged for the affair in the most popular church of the city, and in spite of his protests they had made it a trifle more elaborate than he had even expected. They had arranged for the bride and a number of attendants to approach the altar from the front part of the church, and 7:30 was the time exactly when the meeting between bride and bridegroom should take place at the altar.

"The bridegroom was to come from the back of the church. The organ thundered forth the usual strains, and the pretty bride walked down the aisle toward the altar with the attendants. They reached the altar. It was 7:30 p. m., on the last tick of the half hour. The bridegroom was not there. All eyes turned to the door through which he was to enter. But it never opened, and the seconds seemed to lengthen into centuries. It was awful. The bride's face flushed, and she was rapidly weakening under the trying wait. "Five minutes nearly had passed, when the door was flung open and the embarrassed bridegroom entered. His face, too, was flushed, his hair was tousled and disarranged, his gloves and shirt front were soiled, and, in fact, he was literally covered with cobwebs and dust. But he had the smile of victory on his face when he broke through the door, and everybody seemed to be almost in a humor to applaud.

"After the ceremony he explained why it was that he did not arrive on time. The yard behind the church was not well lighted. A huge organ box had been placed up close to the church, and it was one of the boxes with a folding door that swung on hinges. In his excitement and hurry he had opened this door and had walked into the organ box, and before he could get his bearings he had managed to undo all the little tidy arrangements he had made for the occasion, and this accounted for the dust and the cobwebs which clung to his hair and clothing when he rushed into the church."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Kinder Than His Pop.

"Say, pop, you know Mr. Johnson 'cross the street?" asked 8-year-old Tommy Cross.

"Yes; know him most as well as I do you," replied the elder Cross.

"Well, he's got four beauteous ponies in his barn."

"An you know Jimmy Place?"

"Yes."

"Jimmy's awful smart. He says you can take a bunch of beeswax an push it into the keyhole of the lock in the barn an take away the hole, so's you can make a key that will fit it, see?"

"Oh, is that so?"

"Yep. An Jimmy's father makes bullets out of lead, an he can take the lead an make a key, an what do you expect?"

"Well, with an enterprising lad like Jimmy I should think that after taking away the hole he'd go back and get the barn."

"None; but he's going to take out the ponies some dark night, an, say, pop, he's going to give me one. That's more than you'd do for me."

"Hum! Guess it is."—New York Mail and Express.

A Dig at the Daisy.

One of my greatest mistakes, says Anna Lea Merritt, the artist, telling in The Century of her first gardening experiences in England, was to raise a large crop of daisies. This flower is the badge of the women's college at Cheltenham and of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, because it always turns to the light and is lowly and modest, yet flourishes everywhere. I am convinced that these learned ladies never had any practical acquaintance with that flower. It is the most underhand, grasping, selfish, ill regulated little plant that exists. It takes everything it can get and gives nothing except its little spot of white in some place where it is not wanted. It provides no food for beast or bee, it destroys the wholesome grass, and certainly its ugly habit of crutching out of harm's way makes it decidedly insignificant until one tries to dig it up, when its mighty power of resistance is unmasked. I do not think it at all

WOMAN AND HOME.

THE FIRST WOMAN PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY IN ITALY.

When She Is Invited to Eat—An Artistic Dining Room—For Aching Eyes—Starching and Ironing—When a Child Is Ill.

To Miss Rina Monti of Pavia, Italy, must be given the honor of opening up a new field of endeavor to her conservative sisters. She has been elected to fill the chair of anatomy at the University of Pavia and is the first woman private doctor of that country.

There is perhaps no other civilized country on the continent where women lead more narrow or restricted lives than they do in sunny Italy.

The woman forced to earn her own living in that land has very limited resources. Few, if any, of the professions



RINA MONTI.

are open to her, and if she is daring enough to step into any of the fields of endeavor occupied by the sterner sex she is fought from the outset and usually forced to retreat.

This young professor of comparative anatomy is a highly educated woman. She was awarded a \$600 scholarship and a gold medal for her successful work at the Pavia university.

She is also a member of the German Anatomical Society of Italy, of the Association Française des Anatomistes and is associated actively with the prominent men of her profession.

Besides her work as instructor of anatomy at the university Dr. Monti occupies the lecture platform at many large colleges, giving several courses of lectures throughout the year on the subject of the constitution of the human body.

She has also published numerous works on the subject which she makes a specialty, comparative anatomy.

When She Is Invited Out.

There is a certain girl in town who thinks that when a man invites a friend of her sex out to dinner he should "declare himself"—that is, he should give her to understand whether or not she has carte blanche to order all she wants to eat and drink, irrespective of the cost. This fair one feels that she has a personal grievance and therefore has a right to complain.

A young man from out of town invited the fair damsel, her sister and their aunt to dine with him the other day, and the invitation was accepted with some misgivings. "The young man doesn't look especially opulent," confided the girl to a friend, "and I never heard that he was rich, so all three of us, with feminine precipitation, instantly jumped to the conclusion that he had to struggle to keep the wolf from the door and ordered accordingly. I was fearfully hungry, but I took all the reasonable things on the menu, the scrappy things I really did not care much about, and put away from me the more expensive viands as out of the question.

"Louise and Aunt Effie did the same, and poor Mr. Blank nearly had apoplexy in his rage at what he called our birdlike appetites. When he came to pay for that meal, he pulled a roll of bank notes from his pocket as big as your wrist, and since I have heard that he is a millionaire and that to him a dinner to three women at a fashionable restaurant is a mere bagatelle.

"Maybe I haven't regretted my wasted opportunity," said the frivolous maid, "and perhaps I haven't sighed over the delicacies that I did not consume on that fateful night, but I shall have nothing to regret in the future. I'll just frankly ask the next person who invites me to dine with him what his circumstances are and act accordingly; that's what I will do." And the frivolous maid nodded her head quite as if she really meant it.—Chicago Chronicle.

An Artistic Dining Room.

Foreigners complain that Americans hurry through the pleasant part of the day—namely, mealtime. Dickens criticized this failing, or rather caricatured it, so that Americans who are sensitive pass over that part of his American notes in a great hurry. It is true that the average American gives little heed to the value of time spending in leisurely meals, and few realize that the dining room should receive even more attention than the reception room. There we receive our casual guests; in the dining room we live and come in close contact with our families. It should be a matter of earnest study to see that this room is arranged and fitted up as it should be. Those fortunate women who count in their list of blessings a long, low studded, paneled dining room are objects of envy to their less lucky friends. Such a room with old oak furnishings and old fashioned china can be made a delight to the eyes. The floor should be of hard wood, immaculately waxed and polished until it is so shiny that you almost long to skate upon it. A handsome rug should be placed in the middle of the room and a rug of corresponding color, texture and design placed at the door. Preferably the furniture should match the floor, though a lounge upholstered in cretonne of the delft pattern is not amiss, and, as in small houses, the dining room is frequently the living room, this couch should be covered with comfortable pillows. Never allow the table to be disordered. After meals the china, glass and damask tablecloth should be removed.—Chicago American.

For Aching Eyes.

Aching, tired eyes may be greatly benefited by the application of boric acid diluted with water. When the vision is dim, or when the eyelids swell or look red, or when the general feeling of weariness is more or less constant, then an oculist

should be seen and the eye properly treated, but when no marked developments of any of these symptoms occur the above tonic will remove distress if used several times a day. The boric acid is best dissolved in a little boiling water. It may then be added as required to either soft water or to rosewater and applied to the eye, preferably in the form of a bath. At every drug store small so-called eyeglasses are for sale at from 5 to 10 cents each. Into this small glass a little of the eye tonic is put, and the glass, which fits the eye, is placed over the eye. It is best to lie down when you are using this glass; then none of the solution will leak out. Open the eye wide into the glass and keep it open as much as possible. This bath will do the eye a great deal of good.

Never attempt to read when the light is poor or when you are in a reclining position, as the strain flattens the eyeball and injures the sight. Avoid rubbing the eyes. If they are irritated, bathe them in the boric acid solution above referred to. Avoid dazzling lights and sudden changes. Rest the eyes frequently when you are doing fine work. You can do this by closing them for a few seconds at a time or by looking at objects at a distance.—Beattie Williams in American Queen.

Starching and Ironing.

The art of laundering summer goods is not a difficult one to acquire. After the garments are washed clean, rinse through two waters, having the second one slightly blue. Every trace of soap must be removed if they look clear, and this can be accomplished only by thorough rinsing. Prepare a starch by putting a cupful of lump starch in a kettle, pour on a pint of cold water and stir until smooth. Then pour in boiling water and cook until clear, stirring constantly. Dissolve a level teaspoonful of borax in boiling water and add it to the starch. The borax will keep the iron from sticking and gives the work a gloss. If it is too thick when it cools, pour water in it until it is the proper consistency. Into this starch dip dresses, shirt-waists, trimmed portions of underclothing, skirts to within a foot of the top, aprons, etc. Skirts must be stiff to make the summer dresses look well, but not stiff enough to rattle. Hang the dainty colored fabrics in the shade until dry; then dampen and roll tightly for several hours before ironing.

Embroidery should be straightened out and ironed on the wrong side to make the pattern show nicely. Smooth the lace out on the ironing board while it is damp, spread a thin white cloth over it and iron carefully until dry. Whether the dresses are ironed on the right or wrong side depends upon the material, some goods looking better with one treatment and some with the other. Keep the iron dry, and if they are rough smooth them by rubbing with a piece of beeswax tied in a cloth.

When a Child Is Ill.

An older child will be able to describe its bad feelings. If they are serious, it will be well to get the advice of the doctor. A call at the very outset may save days of sickness. Three things the mother can always do safely when a child is ailing. First, restrict or stop all food. There will be no danger of starvation. People live for a month or more without any food whatever, and many a child is benefited by absolute fasting for a day or two.

The young child about to be sick usually refuses to partake of food, and in many instances that is the first indication to the mother that he is ailing. When this sign becomes manifest, it is advisable not to force the food, but to trust to the child's inclinations, and usually we do not go astray. If he will take his food in smaller quantities at the regular intervals, well and good, but if he absolutely refuses you can take comfort in the fact that he may go from 24 to 48 hours without food with no danger of the slightest injury.

Second, the mother can make sure that the bowels are open. A mild dose of castor oil will do no harm in any event and often clears up the trouble as by magic.

Third, the mother can prevent exposure to cold and wet and enforce quiet. An uneasy and fretful child is often better off if put quietly to bed.

Tea Table Superstitions.

Of course no one is superstitious in these enlightened days. Our great-grandmothers, however, were made very differently, and it is interesting to read of the mysterious meanings they attached to almost every little incident of everyday life that was at all out of the ordinary course of things.

The tea table, for instance, afforded ample scope for the play of superstition in the feminine mind. If, when the tea was made, the lid was forgotten for a few minutes, it was a sure sign that some one would drop in to tea.

If one person accidentally received two spoons with a cup of tea, she would be married within a year.

If any one helped herself to cream or milk before sugar, she would be crossed in love.

A tea leaf floating in the cup of an unmarried lady was a sign that she had an admirer. If, on this occasion, the tea was stirred quickly and the spoon being then held upright in the middle of the cup, the leaf was attracted to the spoon and clung to it, the admirer would be sure to call that day, and if the tea leaf went to the side of the cup, he was not to be expected so soon.

Drape Your Mirror.

Does your mirror do you justice? You may think not, or perhaps you would like it to flatter you just a little. If so, you can arrange it so that the glass will reflect in a more complimentary manner than usual. If you do, you only have to know the milliner's oldest secret, and the thing is done.

Did you ever notice the softest drapery of pure white hung about a mirror? That is the trick.

After your mirror of faultless glass is thoroughly polished frame it in pure white gauze, with the material gathered in the center at the top and falling wave-like on either side.

Then notice the effect. The true tints of the complexion will be there—a little emphasized. The expression of the countenance, the light of the eye, the color of the hair, will be accurately reflected, all softened and made more harmonious than your mirror showed them before the gauze was used.

To Freshen Colored Straw Hats.

First brush off all dust; then dissolve a piece of gum arabic about the size of a very small nut in three tablespoonfuls of cold water. The best plan is to put this soaking overnight. Brush the hat well over with this solution, being careful that the brush penetrates to every part. Hang in a cool place till dry.

For Warts. Dampen the wart and rub it with a small piece of carbonate of soda or common washing soda. Do this frequently during the day, and in the course of a month the wart will drop off. A little soreness may be felt at first, but this is soon forgotten in the joy of the cure.

Keeping Milk and Butter. The Jewish law which forbids that milk and butter shall be kept in the same place with meat is, like most of their dietary rules, a wise one. Milk especially absorbs impurities readily and should always be kept covered. The ice should be wrapped in a blanket, and never allowed to touch the meat it is used to preserve. When ice is scarce, butter may be kept firm by means of evaporation. Set the bowl or crock containing it in a dish, with cold water to the depth of an inch, and cover with a linen cloth—cheesecloth is next best to linen—letting the ends of the cloth come down and tuck in the water under the bowl. Capillary attraction keeps the cloth wet, and the evaporation keeps the butter firm. The water should be changed twice a day and the cloth kept clean and sweet.

A Clean Refrigerator.

During the warm weather the refrigerator should be looked after each morning. The waste pipe of the refrigerator should either empty into a pan or into the open end of a properly trapped drain. If it empties into a pan, the pan should be emptied every day. Clean the refrigerator at least once a week. Take everything out of it. Wash shelves and racks with plenty of hot soapsuds and rinse with clear hot water. Dry shelves and racks in the open air. Wash every compartment in the same manner, clean all corners with a skewer and run a wire with a cloth twisted around it down the waste pipe. Then dry the refrigerator thoroughly and, if possible, let it air for awhile before returning the ice or any food. An absolutely clean refrigerator means much to the health of the family.

Amusements of Turkish Women.

One of the few amusements of which Turkish women may avail themselves in summer is the boating on the Sweet Waters of Europe and Asia on Fridays and Saturdays. These two rivers are crowded in fine weather with graceful caïques, which carry only two pleasure seekers and require a special boatman. It is a brilliant sight, for the oarsmen appear in white costumes, with silk or satin sashes, jackets embroidered in gold and silver. Since the dress of the women permits little variety of color they give vent to their love of brilliant hues in the parasols which they carry even after sunset. Only two of the caïques now retain the traditional furnishings of a carpet or piece of embroidery trailing in the water on both sides of the boat.

Sachet Bags.

Sachet bags produce the most delicious of perfumes. In fact, sachet is preferable to cologne, because, being a liquid, cologne evaporates, leaving an unpleasant odor.

Have you ever noticed the delicate, sweet, almost indescribable odor a lady leaves behind as she passes by you? And have you ever wondered where it came from?

If you could look her over, you would find a half dozen or more of these dainty bags hidden in her clothing—in the lining of her skirt, under the tucking, in her gloves and even under the lining of her hat.—New York World.

A Complexion Wrecker.

A nervous disposition is a complexion wrecker of tremendous magnitude. Those unfortunate enough to possess it should get out of doors more, go to bed early, eat simple, nourishing food and avoid pastries. They should drink plenty of water between meals. At night apply a good skin food to the face, rubbing it in well with a circular motion of the finger tips. To gain flesh take a dessertspoonful of best olive oil on half a glass of grape juice half an hour before each meal. Such a regimen will bring back roses to the cheeks and fill out unsightly hollows.

A Polish For Old Oak.

Mix together two ounces of boiled linseed oil, three ounces of turpentine, one ounce of vinegar and a quarter of a pint of methylated spirit. Rub a little of this well in and polish with soft dusters. Old carved oak that looks very dusty should be well brushed with hot beer and allowed to dry thoroughly before the polish is applied.

To Freshen Colored Straw Hats.

First brush off all dust; then dissolve a piece of gum arabic about the size of a very small nut in three tablespoonfuls of cold water. The best plan is to put this soaking overnight. Brush the hat well over with this solution, being careful that the brush penetrates to every part. Hang in a cool place till dry.

For Warts.

Dampen the wart and rub it with a small piece of carbonate of soda or common washing soda. Do this frequently during the day, and in the course of a month the wart will drop off. A little soreness may be felt at first, but this is soon forgotten in the joy of the cure.

CALL 'EM UP.

Telephone Directory of Live Business Houses, Which Advertise in the Enterprise.

Below will be found a list of the Enterprise advertisers whose places of business or residences have a telephone connection. The list is published for the convenience of Enterprise readers, who may desire to communicate with these establishments.

Lucius A. Austin, Lexington 14-2. Arlington House, Arlington 156-2. Arlington Insurance Agency, Arl. 303-5. Belmont Coal Co., Arl. 36-3. A. L. Bacon, 133-3. Henry W. Beal, Arl. 141-3; Boston office, Main 1688. A. E. Cotton, Arl. 238-4. Crescent Cash Grocery, Arl. 21, 358. David Clark, Arl. 88-3. Charles Gott, Arl. 38-3; house, Arl. 38-2. C. H. Gannett, Main 3856-3. N. J. Hardy, Arl. 8-2; house, Arl. 113-2. W. K. Hutchinson, Arl. 339-3; Heights branch, Arl. 321-5; house, Arl. 329-3. J. Henry Hartwell, Arl. 127-4; house, Arl. 104-4. H. F. Hook, Hay. 1642-4. Johnson's Arlington Express, Arl. 122-3. Litchfield Studio, 207-3. George A. Law, Arl. 72-3. Lexington Lumber Co., Lex. 43. John J. Leary, Arl. 37-2. R. W. Le Baron, Arl. 79-2. Lexington Grain Mills, Lex. 34-3; house, 31-3. A. S. Mitchell, Main 1509. Perham's Pharmacy, 115-3; pay station, 21, 360; house, 329-6. W. W. Robertson, Arl. 138-4. F. Price, Arl. 98-2. F. Rice and Winn, Arl. 8-2. Dr. Ring's Sanatorium, Arl. 205-2. W. W. Rawson, Arl. 15-3; house, Arl. 15-2; Boston office, Main 2345. George W. Sampson, Lex. 24-2; house, Lex. 61-7. C. H. Stone, Arl. 131-4. W. P. Schwamb & Bro., Arl. 111-3. Simpson Bros., Main 1155. A. A. Tilden, Arl. 2135-4. H. D. Welch & Son, pay station, 21353. Wood Bros. Express, Arl. 242-7. John G. Waage, Arl. 149-6. Wetherbee Bros., Arl. 149-6.

CHAS. GOTT, Carriage Builder,

450 Mass. Ave.,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

Jobbing in all branches

Fine Painting a Specialty

Have Your Horses Shod

AT

Mill Street Shoeing Forge,

26 Mill Street,

ARLINGTON.

Special attention paid to Over-reaching and Interfering Horses.

Horses Shod by experienced workmen.

First-class work guaranteed. Horses called for and delivered.

MY SPECIALTY

is correcting such Eye troubles as are caused by Defective Vision, etc.

Oculists' Prescriptions Compounded.

OPTICAL REPAIRING.

Prices as low as is consistent with requirements.

FRED W. DERRY, Refracting Optician,

408 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington.

J. C. McDONALD, Fruit and Confectionery.

Hot and Cold Soda and

QUICK LUNCH

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

Lexington and Boston

Waiting Room, Arlington Heights.

JAMES E. DUFFY, Hair Dresser,

Pool Room Connected.

461 Massachusetts Avenue, Arlington.

T. M. CANNIFF, Hairdresser,

943 Mass. ave., Arlington

Wm. P. Schwamb & Bro. Window Screen and Screen Door Makers.

Office and Shop, 1033 Mass Ave.

ARLINGTON.

We make a specialty of repairing and correctly fitting Screens and Doors. Also the repairing and repainting of Piazza Chairs and Seats. We guarantee first class work and fair prices. All communications will receive prompt attention.

B. SWENSEN, INTERIOR PAINTER.

Ceiling, Enameling and Hardwood Finishing a Specialty. All kinds of work done in a first-class manner.

Resident of Arlington 12 Years. Best of references given.

10 Teel Place, Arlington, Mass.

Welch's Market.

Groceries and Provisions,

941 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington.

Telephone Connection, 21268.

E. F. DONNELLAN, Upholsterer & Cabinet Maker

Furniture, Mattresses, Window Shades, Awnings and Draperies made to order. Antique Furniture Repaired and Polished. Furniture Repaired. Carpets Made and Laid.

Mail orders promptly attended to.

442 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 21.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. viii, 1-22. Memory Verses, 20-22—Golden Text, Gen. vi, 8—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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As next week's lesson will take us to Abram, we may be said to have but one lesson on the first 2,000 years of the world's history, for the previous two lessons kept us at the beginning of the story. Cain and Abel represent the two great lines leading on to antichrist and to Christ, Cain being of the devil and Abel of God (I John iii, 12). The Bible does not give us any record of Adam's numerous posterity, but just the two lines of the righteous and the unrighteous, mentioning some prominent men in each, Abel, Seth, Enoch and Noah being among the righteous of these first 2,000 years. The tendency in all ages since sin entered is away from God, not toward God, and after the first 16 centuries the testimony of God was that all flesh had corrupted his way on earth and that the imagination of the thoughts of the heart of man was only evil continually (chapter vi, 5-12). He instructed Noah to build an ark for the preservation of himself and his family and some of all living creatures from the impending judgment, revealing to Noah His determination to destroy all others, both man and beast, from off the face of the earth. Noah did just as he was told, and probably during the space of 120 years (vi, 2), with no signs of a coming storm, continued to build his vessel far from any sea and doubtless amid the scoffs and jeers of an ungodly world. We have the manner of their speech recorded in Job xlii, 15-17; Jude, 14-16. In due time the ark was finished just as God had commanded and therefore perfectly fitted for that which God intended. The limit of His mercy was reached, the time of judgment came. He called Noah and his family unto Him into the ark and then brought in unto Noah all the creatures He intended to save alive and shut him in, and after seven days the storm began.

1-9. This brings us to the beginning of the chapter assigned for our lesson, and in the fourth verse we read that the ark rested upon the mountains of Ararat just five months after the flood began. After this the waters decreased continually until on the first day of the tenth month the tops of the mountains were seen, and 40 days later, which would be the tenth day of the eleventh month, Noah sent forth a raven and afterward a dove. The raven, being an unclean bird (Lev. xi, 13-15), could rest on any floating dead carcass, and therefore returned not to the ark; the dove, a clean bird, finding no resting place, returned to the ark and makes us think of the Holy Spirit as a dove, finding His first perfect resting place on Christ at His baptism. Have you the spirit of the raven or the dove?

10-12. Seven days later he sent forth the dove again, and in the evening she returned with an olive-leaf in her mouth; so Noah knew that the waters were abated. That would be on the seventeenth day of the eleventh month, or just nine months after the waters began to come upon the earth. He waited yet other seven days and sent forth the dove for the third time, and she returned no more.

13, 14. One month and more did Noah still wait before the surface of the earth was dry and nearly two months longer before the earth was dry enough to have him leave the ark. On the twenty-seventh day of the second month of the six hundred and first year of Noah's life was the earth dried, so that, counting the seven days that Noah was in the ark before the rain began (chapter vii, 10), he was in the ark altogether one year and 17 days, or seven months after the ark rested on the mountains of Ararat. What faith and patience he had opportunity to display! What quiet waiting with God! The Lord had said, "Come thou into the ark" (vii, 1); so the Lord was the first to enter the ark, and He was with Noah in the ark. Happy are those who find their joy in God and in His presence and are glad to abide with Him anywhere and as long as He pleases! What matters it whether we are going or staying, shut up in the ark or roaming the earth, if only we are where He wills?

15-17. At the command of God Noah builded the ark, at the command of God he entered the ark and not until God commanded did he leave the ark. He and all the living creatures with him are brought forth upon the new earth that they might be fruitful and multiply. It is a new beginning, for in II Pet. iii, 6, we read, "The world that then was being overflowed with water perished." The people had perished, but Noah came forth upon the same earth, perhaps changed as to its configuration.

18-20. "And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord." His first act was one of worship in God's appointed way—by sacrifice; not the way of Cain, but of Abel. God had commanded him to take into the ark two of every kind of living creature to keep them alive upon the earth (vi, 19, 20), but Jehovah (God in relation to man as his Saviour and righteousness) had said that he should by seven take of all clean beasts and birds (vi, 1-3), and thus he had abundance for sacrifice. The thought of sacrifice takes us back for a moment to chapter vi, 14, where we read that the ark which preserved Noah and all creatures was covered within and without with pitch, this, of course, to make it to float safely and preserve all in it. But the word translated "pitch" and only here so translated is the very word elsewhere translated "atonement" or "reconciliation" and is surely suggestive of the great truth that there is no safety from coming judgment but by the great sacrifice of Christ.

21, 22. "And the Lord smelled a sweet savour" (margin, "a savour of rest"). In the next chapter we have a full statement of the everlasting covenant with Noah and his seed and all creatures, of which brief mention is made in these two verses, and also of the token of the covenant, the bow in the cloud. When we see the bow, we should remember that God looks upon it, too (ix, 16), and will never again bring a flood upon the earth. But see II Pet. iii, 7-13, and say if you believe these things or are you, like the people of Noah's time, among the scoffers? The many who helped Noah to build the ark and could have told all about it perished because they were not in it. You may understand fully God's plan of redemption and be able to tell it and teach it and perhaps be active in some kind of so called church work, but if you are not in Christ by His blood you are lost.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Boston Elevated Railway Co. SURFACE LINES.

TIME TABLE.

Subject to change without notice.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO BOWDOIN SQ.—(via Beacon st., Somerville, 4.30, 5.09 a.m., and intervals of 10, 15, 20 and 30 minutes to 11.16 p.m. SUNDAY, 7.02 a.m., and intervals of 20 and 30 minutes to 11.15 p.m. NIGHT SERVICE—12.06, 12.37, 1.06, 1.37, 2.37, 3.37 (4.37, 5.37 a.m., Sunday) a.m.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO SUBWAY.—6.01 a.m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11.12 p.m. (11.30 to Adams sq.) SUNDAY—6.01, 6.31 a.m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11.12 p.m. (11.30 to Adams sq.)

ARLINGTON CENTRE TO SULLIVAN SQ. TERMINAL via Broadway—5.28, and intervals of 15 minutes to 12.03 night. SUNDAY—6.31 a.m., and intervals of 30 minutes to 12.03 night. Via Medford Hillside—5.30 a.m., and every 15 minutes to 12 night. SUNDAY—6.30 a.m., and intervals of 30 minutes to 12 night.

Elevated trains run between Sullivan square and Dudley street via the subway, from 5.30 a.m. to 12.12 night, starting same time from each end, at intervals varying from 1 1/2 to 5 minutes. Sunday, 6 a.m. to 12.12 night, at intervals of 2 to 3 min. Running time between Sullivan square and Dudley street, about 20 min. Stations at Sullivan sq., City sq., Union station, Haymarket sq., Adams sq., Scollay sq., Park st., Boylston st., Pleasant st., Dover st., Northampton st., Dudley st.

Special cars may be chartered at reasonable rates for balls, theatre parties, or excursions to any point on the system, on application in person or by letter at office of Supt. of Transportation, 101 Milk street, Room 700. Information regarding rates, routes and connections with other roads cheerfully given by telephone.

C. S. SERGEANT, Vice President. June 15, 1901.

Arlington and Winchester Street Railway.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell and Lynn at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.15, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p.m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington, 5.45, 7.55 a.m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p.m.

Cars at Winchester connect with Stoneham, Reading, Woburn and Lynn.

Sundays. Leave Arlington Centre at 8.45, 9.15 a.m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 p.m., then 11.45 p.m.

Leave Winchester square at 9.05, 9.45 a.m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05 p.m., then 11.45.

Boston and Maine R. R. Southern Division.

IN EFFECT, JUNE 24, 1901.

TRAINS TO BOSTON.

Lexington—4.35, 5.56, 6.26, 6.56, 7.26, 8.31, 8.43, 9.28, 9.59, 11.10 A. M., 12.09, 12.50, 2.09, 3.46, 4.39, 5.10, 6.36, 8.09, 9.09, 10.09 P. M.; Sunday, 9.14 A. M., 1.29, 4.25, 7.59 P. M. Arlington Heights—4.45, 6.05, 6.35, 7.04, 7.34, 8.04, 8.37, 8.53, 10.07, 11.19 A. M., 12.18, 1.00, 2.18, 3.54, 4.45, 5.19, 6.47, 8.18, 9.18, 1

LEXINGTON CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

CHURCH OF OUR REDEEMER.

Episcopal.

Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m.; Sunday school, 9:45 a.m.; holy communion first and third Sundays of each month. FIRST PARISH UNITARIAN CHURCH. Rev. Carleton A. Staples, pastor, residence Massachusetts avenue, near Elm avenue. Services—Sunday, preaching 10:30 a.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Sewing circle every other Thursday. Young People's guild every Sunday evening in the vestry at 7 p.m.

FOLLEN UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Massachusetts Avenue, near Pleasant, west, E. L.

Rev. Lorenzo D. Cochran, residence Locust avenue, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 10:45 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m. Follen Alliance, fortnightly, Thursdays, at 2 p.m. Follen guild meets 6:30 p.m., Sunday. Lend-a-Hand club and Little Helpers.

HANCOCK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the common.

Rev. Charles F. Carter, pastor, residence, Hancock street. Services—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Week days, Y. P. S. C. E. Monday evening; prayer, Thursday, 7:45 p.m.

LEXINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.

Massachusetts Ave., near Wallis Place.

Rev. J. H. Cox, pastor, residence Waltham. Services—Sunday, preaching 10:30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Tuesday, 7:45 p.m., Y. P. S. C. E.; Friday, 7:45 p.m., prayer meeting.

Branch, Emerson Hall, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 3 p.m.; Sunday school, 4 p.m.; Thursday evening, 7:45, prayer meeting.

ST. BRIDGET'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Massachusetts Ave., near Elm Ave.

Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, pastor, residence next to the church. Services—Alternate Sundays at 9 and 10:30 a.m.; vespers 4 p.m., every Sunday; Weekdays, mass at 8 a.m.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

Simon Robinson Lodge.

Meets at Masonic hall, Town Hall building, second Monday of each month at 7:30 p.m.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Hancock street, corner Bedford street, second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

IMPROVED ORDER OF HEPTA-SOPHS.

Lexington Conclave.

Meets at A. O. U. W. hall, second and fourth Wednesday evenings.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

George G. Meade Post 119.

Meets in Grand Army hall third Thursday of each month.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

Council No. 94.

Meets in Lexington hall, Hunt block, Massachusetts avenue, first and third Tuesdays of each month.

LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Meets in Corey hall second Tuesday evenings of winter months.

THE LEND-A-HAND OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Meetings second Tuesday in each month at 3 p.m., in the church vestry.

ART CLUB.

Meetings held Monday afternoons at members' residences, from November 1st to May 1st.

EAST LEXINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets first Monday each month at Stone building, East Lexington.

LEXINGTON MONDAY CLUB.

Meets in winter every week at homes of members. Membership limited to 16.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

Meetings held Monday evenings, at members' residences, from October 15 to May 15.

THE TOURIST CLUB.

Meetings held at members' houses, Monday, 2:30 p.m.

LEXINGTON FIRE ALARM.

LOCATION OF BOXES.

45 cor. Pleasant and Watertown streets.

50 cor. Waltham and Middle streets.

52 cor. Lincoln and School streets.

52 cor. Clark and Forest streets.

54 cor. Mass. avenue and Cedar street.

56 Bedford street—No. Lexington depot.

57 Bedford street—opp. M. Reed's.

58 cor. Hancock and Adams streets.

59 cor. Ash and Reed streets.

62 cor. Woburn and Vine streets.

63 cor. Woburn and Lowell streets.

65 Lowell street near Arlington line.

72 Warren st. opp. Mrs. W. R. Monroe's.

73 cor. Mass. avenue and Woburn street.

74 cor. Bloomfield and Eustice streets.

75 Mass. avenue and Percy road.

76 Mass. avenue opp. Village hall.

77 Mass. avenue and Pleasant street.

78 Mass. avenue opp. E. Lexington depot.

79 Mass. avenue and Sylvia streets.

81 Bedford street near Elm street.

82 Centre Elm House.

83 cor. Grant and Sherman streets.

84 cor. Merriam and Oakland streets.

85 Hancock street near Hancock avenue.

86 cor. Mass. and Elm avenues.

87 Chandler street opp. J. F. Prince's.

89 Mass. avenue near town hall.

PRIVATE BOXES.

231 Morrill estate, Lowell street.

561 Carrouse, Bedford st., No. Lexington.

DEPARTMENT SIGNALS.

Second alarm, repetition of first; general alarm, eleven blows; all out, two blows; brush fire, three blows followed by box number.

SPECIAL SIGNALS.

Test signal, one blow at 12 m.; no school signal, three blows repeated three times; police call, five blows three times; special alarm, 22 five times from electric light station.

LOCATION OF WHISTLES, ETC.

Whistle at electric light station, bell on Follen church, East Lexington, tapper at residence of chief engineer, tapper at residence of first assistant engineer, tapper at residence of second assistant engineer, tapper at pumping station, tapper at residence of Wm. B. Foster, police, tapper at residence of C. H. Franks, police, tapper at centre engine house, tapper at East Lexington engine house, tapper at residence of James E. Shively.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Before giving an alarm be sure a fire exists. Give the alarm at the nearest box. Pull the hook way down, only once, and let go. Never give an alarm for a fire seen at a distance. Wait at the box, if possible, and direct the firemen to the fire, and direct the firemen to the fire, and direct the firemen to the fire.

CAUTION TO PERSONS HAVING KEYS.

Never open boxes except to give an alarm. You cannot remove your key until an engineer releases it, and it will then be returned to you. Never allow the key out of your possession except to some responsible party, for the purpose of giving an alarm, and then see that it is returned. If you remove from your place of residence or business, return the key to the chief engineer.

AMERICAN WOMEN.

THE DISAGREEABLE ONE PICKS MANY FLAWS IN THEM.

She Says Their Chief Fault is Over-dressing and Gives Some Striking Illustrations—Discourtesy to Each Other Another Error.

"Mme. Bernhardt never demonstrated her cleverness better," said the disagreeable woman, "than when she said that American girls were the finest in the world. The French know how to pay a compliment, and when she, a representative of a nation that produces the greatest feminine charmers of the world, declares the American girl the superior in fascination it is the very cream of flattery."

"Not only did Mme. Bernhardt make the statement to a press representative on her return home, but before she left this country she continually lauded the charms of the young women of America as she toured the cities, and she even penned magazine articles in their praise."

"Bouquets began to fly between Bernhardt and the women of America soon after her arrival in New York, when an American poetess wrote some verses ascribing to the clever Frenchwoman a nobility of soul, a sweetness of disposition and delicacy of temperament that would remove a woman from the earthly sphere to that of the angels. And Bernhardt, clever woman that she is, did not miss her cue, but replied with all modesty that she wasn't as nice as all that and from then on deluged the American girl with praise from ocean to ocean."

"It is a fact that, while the men of other nations, notably the English, the Russians and the French, find the charm of the American girl irresistible, the women of those countries have not taken so kindly to us. The first fact is probably the cause of the second. Women rarely admire the same type of femininity that finds favor in the eyes of their brothers or their husbands. English women regard American women as eccentric, and Frenchwomen think us awkward. An American who goes to live in Paris has to be made over before she will do."

"Frenchmen have tried in vain to teach us how to wear the gowns that they make so much better than we can ourselves, but in only a few instances have they succeeded. When Worth found an American woman that knew how to wear the frocks he made for her, he said she was so beautiful that she should be kept in a frame. We don't dress well, and even when our clothes are designed for us and made for us by artists we don't wear them well. You can go to Monte Carlo any time and pick out a dozen women without distinction of birth and with little education, and our greatest belles could not approach them in the matter of correct dressing. Bernhardt knows this, probably, but she did not mention it."

"At a flower fete given at an American summer resort a season or two ago I watched the beautifully decorated carriages pass by and noted the women who occupied them, gorgeously gowned in silk and lace, with hats rivaling the glories of the sunset and parasols far exceeding them in richness. Beauty, wealth and the most magnificent of floral arrangements were there, but the whole effect was garish. I asked myself why, and there was but one answer—the women were overdressed. The flowers and the splendid horses were detracted from by the clothes. It was like a great picture in a too gorgeous frame. Everything was there in plenty but good taste and refinement in the dressing. There was too much display. They were distinctly too dressy—lamentably, crudely, hideously dressy."

"On a similar occasion afterward in Paris the carriages rolled by laden with roses and lilies and violets, but the women within them were robed simply as nuns. They wore white gowns that did not look too new made of cloth and muslin and lace beneath parasols, chic, but unfashioned. It was as though they said: 'The carriage is very beautiful and worthy of a prize, and I am here. That is enough.' A white rose with its green leaves laid against the hair of one pale beauty was more exquisite than the finest hat ever sent from Paris to stun New York. And this was the land of hats!"

"Are these great queens or princesses, I asked, 'these distinguished looking dames, that they dare show themselves in a procession like this, with cameras aimed at them in all directions and yet show such an apparent disdain for clothes?'"

"No," was the answer, "they are nearly all French actresses, and they have no disdain for clothes, but they don't try to put everything on at once, as you Americans do."

"American rush animates us in our dressing just as it rules men in their business offices. The men rush themselves to nervous prostration so that we may rush our clothes. There is no denying the fact that we are overdressed, overjeweled, overfeathered and overfurred. The vice is in our bones. We go shopping with good resolves and determination, and something shiny or spangled or showy lures us like the bright beads for which the Indian girls long."

"Next to our overdressing our greatest fault is our discourtesy to each other as contrasted with the cringing way in which we are always trying to fascinate men. A Frenchwoman or a Russian or an English woman even is confident of her charm. She knows what she can do, or if she doesn't know she pretends she does. It is more subtle than our way. We try too hard. I've seen nice American girls roll their eyes at a waiter when they ordered a plate of ice cream. It was a man, and that was sufficient. To each other we are not like that."

"We are better hearted and more generous and kindly in reality than the women of any other nation under the sun, but we don't show it in our dealings with each other. We criticize each other fiercely and furiously, and then we fall on each other's neck with Judas kisses. Oh, those kisses! They are almost as plenty and as unnecessary as the bowknots. If we could only be kinder to each other and keep our kisses for people who could appreciate them!"—New York Sun.

Sister Dora.

One of the three women who have been honored in England by public statues to their memory was Dorothy Pattison, or, as she was called, Sister Dora. Although a schoolmistress by profession, she studied medicine in order to relieve the sick, and many times she ministered to needy sufferers regardless of great risk to herself, even venturing twice where no one else would go, into districts infected with smallpox.

JOHN A. FRATUS, Jeweler, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.

All Repairing Guaranteed.

Store At Post Office, Lexington.

CAMELLIA PLACE Conservatories

Off Hancock Avenue and Bedford Street, Lexington, Mass.

CAMELLIAS, AZALEAS,

CARNATIONS, VIOLETS, ACACIA,

and other cut blooms in great variety.

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TWO FRIENDS.

I honor him who needs must chop the stone, Must pluck the root up, murder beast and bird, Then label with a very butcher's word The bleeding pieces. Though he build his throne On brittle stalks and hollow carcass bone, Still by a princely purpose he is stirred. And such his thirst for knowledge long deferred, Kind Nature counts him in among her own. But him I love the muses make their care, Leading his feet wherever he may go, To spell the gentle magic of the air, Of golden boughs and darkest brooks that flow. He has my heart, for perfect things and fair He finds and leaves them fairer than they grow. —John Vance Cheney in Harper's Magazine.

THE NOVELIST AND AN EPISODE

It was a perfect spring afternoon, and a little party of three, mounted on mules, were plodding along the track that leads from Cape Spertol to Tangier.

Grierson, the novelist, allowed the reins to drop round his animal's neck and proceeded to roll a cigarette. By his side rode an upright, elderly man with close cropped hair and a keen face, and the third member of the party, a young girl of about 20, was some 50 yards ahead.

"It has been a first class sort of day," observed the elder man. "Celia and I owe you a debt of gratitude for having looked after us this week in Tangier."

"The luck has been on my side," returned Grierson, with a laugh. "You see, I came over here from Gibraltar as a certain young person's society was exercising a depressing influence on me."

"Did she bore you?" asked Ardell.

"The reverse. She has charmed me more than any other girl for a longer period than I like to think. The point is that her parents insist on her having nothing to do with me, which at least shows they are not wanting in good sound common sense."

Ardell laughed and gazed contemplatively on the surrounding stretch of country.

"I could put in another month here well, but I'm afraid it would hardly suit Celia," he said, with a nod toward the trim figure riding in front of them.

"Is she in a huge hurry to see England?" asked Grierson. He knew a little of his companion's history. He was a wealthy Australian sheep farmer who had lately sold his run and determined on a visit to England.

"Not so much that, but eagerness to meet the man."

The novelist opened his eyes.

"Oh, is she in love too?" he said, with a sigh.

"Yes; I had a young Englishman on the farm as manager. He was with us about five years, a decent sort of fellow, a gentleman by birth. You meet a good many of that sort up and down the runs in the bush," said Ardell. "Eventually he fell in love with Celia and asked my consent. I liked the chap and gave it. Then one day there came a letter telling him there had been a big snap in his family chain and that he had stepped into an estate and money in England."

"I know," nodded the novelist. "I've used him in a good many of my books. So he went, and you are following?" he added, with a smile.

"Yes; he said he would return and fetch Celia when things were settled up a bit. But shortly after he had gone I suddenly took it into my head that I had done about enough work for one man's life, so sold the farm and brought the girl away on this trip," Ardell laughed. "It'll be somewhat of a surprise to him. You see, there wasn't time to write, so he doesn't know we're coming."

Presently Grierson urged his mule into a gentle trot and succeeded in getting level with Celia.

"I thought I'd just like to congratulate you," he began.

A touch of color flew to the girl's cheeks, and her eyes glistened. She made a wonderfully pretty picture, he thought. "Are you interested in love affairs?" she asked, with a smile.

"My dear young lady, I've been vainly trying to invent a new one ever since I first began to write!" he exclaimed. Then his tone changed. "Now, please tell me all about him—is he as near perfection as a mere man can be?"

"I don't know about Archie being that," she answered, with a laugh, "but he is the man I love, and nothing else matters much, does it?"

"Absolutely nothing. But I wish your opinion was more universal," he added, with a sigh, as he thought of the young person in the party he had left at Gibraltar.

An idea seemed to strike him, for a quick light came into his eyes.

"Does Archie?" he began, then paused. "By the way, I hardly like referring to him as Archie. It seems so horribly familiar. What is his other name?"

"Trevor—Archibald Errington Trevor," she said, with a laugh.

"I've been trying to get alongside of you for five minutes!" cried Mr. Ardell's voice from behind. "Do, for goodness' sake, rein in your thoroughbred for a moment, Celia!"

The girl, with a laugh, turned round to him and waited. Grierson rode on and kept a little ahead of the others for the rest of the way. His face was unusually grave, and he seemed buried in thought.

They reached the town, and, wishing to do some shopping, he separated from his companions. When at length he also arrived at the hotel, he caught sight of a tall, good looking young man standing in the hall. He was chatting to a girl at his side. Grierson gave a start, then hurried toward them.

"This is very absurd!" he exclaimed as he shook hands with the girl. "I left you to go on to Seville and Madrid, not to follow me here."

Lady Constance laughed.

"We started, but father was so terribly anxious to get a glimpse of Morocco that at length we had to give in—so here we are."

She moved toward the staircase.

"Mother was a little upset with the crossing. I am just going to see how she is getting along; then I will return," she said, with a little smiling nod of farewell.

Grierson watched her disappear, turned to the young man, and, linking his arm within his, drew him to an alcove, in which there was a seat.

"You know, it's really too bad of you to bother me in this way," he said reproachfully. "But there's no alternative. I feel bound to tell you what an awful scoundrel I think you!"

His companion looked at him in wonder.

"What on earth has happened, Grierson?" he cried.

The novelist opened his mouth to speak, but paused as he caught sight of a light figure tripping down the staircase. He gripped the younger man's arm and nodded in her direction. The girl—it was Celia Ardell—crossed the hall some three yards in front of them and entered a drawing room without seeing them.

Trevor breathed heavily. He did not speak. His eyes were fastened on the door through which Celia had vanished.

"S

ARLINGTON LOCALS.

West Medford subscribers of the New England Telegraph and Telephone Co. will regret to learn that their "hello girl," Miss Emily G. Hartwell, has been transferred to the Winchester exchange. She is chief operator there. The position is considered quite a plum and the appointment is a genuine promotion earned after three years of faithful work in Arlington.—Medford Mercury.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Thompson, of Palmer street, have gone to Abenakis Springs, Canada, for the remainder of the season, stopping at Quebec and Montreal on the return trip.

Miss Margaret Doherty, one of the telephone girls at the exchange will be missed by the subscribers for a few days, she having begun her annual vacation of ten days. She will visit Gloucester next week. Miss Doherty's voice will be missed but will return stronger than ever.

The services Sunday morning at the First Parish church will be the last until after the summer vacation. There will be no service for six Sundays, but will resume Sept. 8.

Percy T. Durling, of 99 Massachusetts avenue, and Miss Nellie Pearl Cummings, of California, were married in Boston, last week Thursday.

There was a picnic at Spy pond grove Wednesday, under the auspices of the parish connected with St. Anthony's church, of Brighton. Sports of all kinds were enjoyed by those in attendance.

Edw. R. Henderson, of 3 Sawin street, has returned suddenly from his trip at Massachusetts lake, and is at present keeping bachelor's hall with LeRoy Talcott, at 8 Henderson street.

Wm. A. Muller is the executor of the will of Lucretia B. Fulton, of Suffolk county.

William A. Birtwell, of 31 Henderson street, is spending a few weeks with his uncle, at his summer resort in Concord, N. H.

Mrs. Geo. Smith and her little daughter Blossom, left, Tuesday morning, on a trip to Buffalo. Mrs. Smith will visit the Pan-American exposition.

Mrs. Mary Barker, of Kings county, N. S., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Doherty, of Old Mystic street.

The Riverside Boat club picked up at Spy pond grove Saturday afternoon, and a number of athletic events were the source of pleasure to a large number of people. The games were open to all amateur athletes, and the boxing program increased the interest in the sports. The three-mile match race between Roland McDonald, of Cambridge, and Dick Grant, of the A. A. U., which was won by the former with less than a minute to spare at the finish, was the most interesting of all the events. There were other running races, jumping, etc., and the day was a red letter one for the Riverside boys.

Miss Margaret Murphy and Miss Ida Rogers are spending their vacation at Little Boar's Head, N. H.

A hydrant at the corner of Walnut street and Massachusetts avenue was broken Tuesday morning by being struck by a heavy wagon. The driver was coming out of a yard nearby, and failed to steer the horse away from the hydrant. For a few minutes there was a minor flood, but the gates were closed and the break repaired. The same day a workman drove his pick through another hydrant on the opposite side of the avenue, but this trouble was repaired without difficulty.

The fire alarm sounded at 12:30 Wednesday afternoon, during the heavy shower. There was a vivid flash of lightning, followed by the whistle and a heavy thunder clap.

Baldasseri Scollaro, of Winchester, was overcome by the heat, Tuesday afternoon, while on Mystic street, near the avenue. He was cared for by the police, and taken to Boston.

Herbert H. Yeames is at Bar Harbor. A thermometer on the piazza of Charles Prentice's house at the corner of Broadway and Palmer street, burst Tuesday forenoon, owing to the intense heat. The thermometer was set in the sun, and its limit was 120 degrees. When this was reached, the heat register was overcome, and it is now on the retired list.

Members of Bethel lodge, I. O. O. F., will go to Worcester tomorrow, by trolley, to visit the Odd Fellows' home of that place, and to extend fraternal greetings to the inmates. This is the annual trip which members of the lodge take, and it is expected a large number will go. The fraternal will leave Harvard square about 8 o'clock in the morning, returning late in the evening.

The family of Dr. D. T. Percy is at Popham beach, but the doctor is attending to his practice here, and is too busy to think of vacation.

Eriz Vies, Edward Walcott from Belmont, Frank Buhler, Ernest Freeman, Arthur Trowbridge, Norman Cushman, George and Clifford Gray are camping out in Annisquam. They report a glorious time, rain or shine.

The Universalist church has suspended its services until the second Sunday in September. During the vacation, extensive repairs and alterations will be made in the vestry. Rev. C. A. Skinner, of North Cambridge, 67 Mt. Vernon street, or Dr. F. A. Bisbee, of Appleton street, Arlington Heights, will respond to any calls for the services of a minister, in the absence of the pastor.

While John Balmer, of Appleton street, was driving in the Center, Tuesday afternoon, his horse stumbled and fell, near the railroad crossing, throwing the driver out of the wagon on to the ground. The force of the fall stunned Mr. Balmer for a few moments, and he was removed to the police station on a stretcher. Here he was attended by Dr. Roy D. Young. No bones were broken in the fall, but the man was cut on the head, and his hands and arms were scratched and bruised. He was able to drive home an hour later.

Margaret Kenny, the 10-months daughter of T. F. Kenney, of Brattle place, is sick with the measles.

One of Grocer Matthew Rowe's wagons was tipped over on Massachusetts avenue, near Forest street, Thursday morning, by being struck by another wagon. The contents of the overturned vehicle were spilled upon the ground, and a number of eggs were smashed.

Miss Agnes C. Parker, of Uxbridge, has been visiting Mrs. Herbert Chase, of Palmer street, the past week. They have been visiting Lexington, Concord and other places of interest.

E. Nelson Blake conducted the Baptist church service at G. A. R. hall, last Sunday.

A pine tree in the grove near the residence of H. A. Phinney was shattered by lightning, Wednesday.

The V. F. A. goes to Medford today to compete with the Eureka in the hand tub competition.

Rev. J. M. Mulcahy has been in New York the past week in company with Rev. J. J. O'Brien, of Somerville.

Division 4, A. O. H., has adopted a set of resolutions on the death of Officer G. J. Cody.

Rev. Arthur H. Gordon, of Cambridge, will preach at G. A. R. hall tomorrow morning.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

Rev. D. W. Huntington, recently returned from Hankow, China, will preach at St. John's church, Academy street, tomorrow morning. Service at 10:30.

Rev. James Yeames is enjoying his vacation at Clifton Springs, N. Y.

INVENTORIES OF ESTATES.

An inventory of the estate of the late Stephen Symmes shows a valuation of \$1,677.00; estate of Octavia Hart, \$15,000.00; estate of Alvin Neal, of Lexington, \$42,766.50.

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COUNTER IRRITATION.

Hot Applications, Plasters and Blister to Relieve Pain.

The use of hot applications to the surface of the body for the relief of pain commended itself to mankind long before the formation of any theory as to how the favorable result was produced. It remained for Dr. Brown-Sequard to establish by actual experiment the fact that physical change is actually produced in tissues by counter irritation.

He found that the vessels of the surface to which the irritation was applied were dilated for several hours, as one might suppose they would be, while in the deeper tissues the vessels were very much diminished in size. Thus a mustard plaster on the region of the kidneys has a pronounced effect in reducing the size of the small arteries.

Experiment has also shown that a counter irritant, a Spanish fly blister on the back of a rabbit, for example, produces congestion of the superficial tissues, while the deeper organs, the lungs, are at the same time rendered anemic.

Thus we have proof that sudden congestion of the lungs or brain may be to some extent relieved by counter irritants applied superficially to the chest and the back of the neck.

Several stages or degrees of counter irritation are possible of production, sometimes by use of the same remedy. For example, with an application of mustard one may produce simple redness of the skin, or by a longer application or a greater proportion of mustard ingredient blisters may be produced. Strong mustard plasters applied to patients who were unconscious of pain have even produced sloughing surfaces.

In irritating cough, particularly that of consumption, applications of iodine to the chest are often of much benefit, the effect being due to the temporary superficial congestion thus artificially established.

Counter irritation may be properly used in headaches, neuralgia, the first stage of croup or spasmodic cough and in relieving any sudden internal congestion or spasm. Sponges or cloths wrung from hot water and the various applications of hot water and mustard are usually employed. The hot footbath also and in childhood the entire warm water and mustard bath have been used in nearly every household to meet emergencies.

The use of strong counter irritants either of heat or various medicaments is to be resorted to only with great care when a person is without consciousness or when the nerves of sensation are inactive, as, for example, in paralysis of the lower limbs. Troublesome sores may result in such cases.

The use of counter irritants is also not advised in depleted states of the body. Blisters, and to a greater extent the more violent forms of counter irritation, carry away nutrient material from the blood in the process of repairing and so may seriously diminish the chances of ultimate recovery.—Youth's Companion.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Canton flannel makes a good bath blanket for baby. It should be made large enough to completely envelop the child while it is being wiped dry.

Windows should be cleaned the last thing after the sweeping and dusting are done. Many housekeepers use no soap in window washing, believing it clouds the glass. Ordinary tissue paper gives a good polish.

A recommended polish to use on a piano case is made from equal parts of vinegar and paraffin oil. Put together in a bottle and shake well before using. This is said to give a particularly brilliant polish.

When the ankle has been severely sprained, immerse it immediately in hot water, keeping it there for 15 or 20 minutes. After it has been taken out of the water keep it bandaged with cloths wrung out of hot water.

Don't hang heavy curtains around baby's bed. The most that can be endured are light swiss draperies, and these should be laundered every week. Children need fresh air, especially when sleeping, and curtains prevent free circulation, while they collect dust.

Returned For the Pan.

Only the experienced and methodical housekeeper knows the agony of the woman whose maid forgets her tray while performing the ceremonious obligations of the house. That the importance of the tray is recognized in Milwaukee is evidenced by the relation by The Sentinel of the horror which seized upon a fashionable mistress while listening to conversation in the hall.

The maid had just arrived and had been solemnly instructed as to the necessity of carrying the silver card tray when answering the doorbell. It was an "at home" day, and the domestic, in immaculate cap and apron, rushed to the door at the first tinkle. The caller proved to be the most imposing representative of the very upper set.

"Sure an she's in," said Mary affably in answer to the usual inquiry and started up stairs. Half way up she turned and rushed madly back, snatched the card tray from the table and, holding it out to the astonished visitor, exclaimed: "An wasn't I after forgettin me pan!"

A Lincoln Retort.

In the series of debates between Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln in 1858 on one occasion Douglas sneeringly referred to the fact that he once saw Lincoln retelling whisky. "Yes," replied Lincoln, "it is true that the first time I saw Judge Douglas I was selling whisky by the drink. I was on the inside of the bar, and the judge was on the outside, I busy selling, he busy buying," which is about as neat a retort as the annals of the stump afford—rich, but not malicious.

Remunerative.

"Do you think that unselfishness ever pays in politics?"

"Of course it pays," answered Senator Borghum. "The unselfish man is the one who doesn't want any of your money, and he goes down as clear profit."—Washington Star.

Throwing Money Around.

"Is Sydney Spuggs putting on any airs since he came into his fortune?"

"Airs? I think so. He's had three surgical operations."—Chicago Herald.

It is useless to grasp an opportunity if you don't intend to do anything but stand around and hold on to it.—Chicago News.

The Russian church has a rule against the publication of the Old Testament without the Apocrypha.

STAGE BANQUETS.

One That Caused a Performance to End in a Riot.

Stage banquets are not invariably merry, as witness a very odd one—that in "Macbeth," where Banquo is a guest—seen by all but the host, whose ravings at the sight throw everything into disorder and cause the hostess to dismiss the company. There is also an outdoor dinner going on in "As You Like It" when Orlando interrupts. In Shakespeare's time at these stage feasts the performers used as food marchpane, a sort of biscuit, to which one of the servants makes allusion in "Romeo and Juliet." "Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane." The actors grumbled at the constant use of marchpane and would have preferred something substantial.

In the eighteenth century, when the strolling players went more or less merrily on foot and were much of the time half starved, real food in the plays was more than welcome. There was a British manager who, whenever salaries were considerably in arrears and dissatisfaction prevalent, soothed everybody into good humor again by putting up the nautical drama, "The Cramond Brig," which calls for a dinner of boiled mutton and turnips. In "The Gentle Shepherd," which used to be given in Scotland, real haggis was introduced. There was also a very elaborate meal in the old farce "No Song, No Supper."

Persons in the audience are not aware, perhaps, that it is difficult to eat on the stage and carry on the dialogue at the same time. Not a little practice is required. The experienced players, however, do it gracefully and well. Before an audience one must eat very daintily, else well bred people in front will criticize. An actress must also know something about cooking, or at least about the preparation of food. Making bread on the stage is common, and in Robertson's "Ours" there is a charming scene where Mary Netley runs about in the hut in the Crimea with sleeves rolled up and in her hand the well dusted rolling pin. She also works out the dough.

Occasionally there is too much drinking. In a play entitled "The Wary Widow," which was acted in 1693, it is said that there was so much whisky punch consumed that all the performers became intoxicated.

Mr. Clement Scott, in his memoirs, relates the disastrous experience some years ago in London of Miss Nita Nicotina, a young woman who made her debut in a play called "Ecarte." The Australian tragedian, Boothroyd Fairclough, was in the cast. The picnic scene was of highly realistic character—genuine hampers from Fortnum & Mason's, Perigord pies, chicken, truffles and champagne. The repast was of sumptuous character, and the actors and actresses ate and drank heartily. The gallery, after awhile, becoming weary of so much feasting without being able to join in it, began to jeer. The champagne continued to flow, and Miss Nicotina displayed the effects of overindulgence. The jeers turned into yells, and presently, when she entered with a green boot on one foot and a yellow boot on the other, the yells became howls, and the lady unwisely attempted a speech. The piece ended in a riot, and the lights were put out.—Baltimore News.

Most Tattooed Man in France.

Langushing in a prison cell in Paris, to which he was relegated the other day for assault and battery, is one Auguste Formin, an ex-soldier, who claims to be the most tattooed man in France. His body presents an illustrated version of the Dreyfus case, in which the most dramatic episodes in that world famous drama are reproduced with great skill.

His right arm bears the portraits of the officers who testified at the Zola trial, together with a picture of the novelist. On his left arm is the portrait of the late president of the republic, Felix Faure, and other celebrities who figured in connection with the case of the prisoner of Devil's island. Then, beginning with the tragic incident of Dreyfus' degradation in the presence of the troops, scene after scene is unrolled. The spaces between are filled in with flags and allegorical devices, such as a bleeding heart pierced by a dagger and a boa constrictor crushing a man. In all there are 120 scenes, portraits and devices.

This remarkable example of tattooing was performed while Formin was serving in a disciplinary battalion at Biribi, in Tunis. He claims that the surgeon of his regiment offered him 400 francs for the illustrations on his back, promising to remove the skin without pain and guaranteeing that he would speedily recover and suffer no ill effects from the operation. Formin, however, preferred to keep his pictures.

Bananas the Breadfruit of the World.

Bananas, probably the first fruit ever cultivated, possess all the essentials to the sustenance of life. More people live on bananas than live on wheat. When taken as a steady diet, they are cooked, either baked, boiled or fried. The fruit is very nourishing, as it contains so much starch and sugar.

Banana flour is highly nutritious and very valuable. The farinaceous food is so prone to undergo malfermentation in the stomach when the normal digestion is disordered that it becomes very important to seek some variety of starchy food which can be easily assimilated without the production of acid eruptions of flatulence or heartburn. Therefore the flour has a decided advantage as a food for invalids. Thompson states that he has found that the finest banana flour, called "bananose," at the end of 1½ hours of pancreatic digestion was capable of developing twice as much sugar as the same quantity of oatmeal or farina and nearly 1½ times as much sugar as cornstarch.—Lodge Monthly.

Qualifications of Sea Captains.

On some of the foreign steamship lines the captains are naval officers and in case of war would retain their commands. On the German steamers the officers must serve a year or so in the naval reserve. On the French line each member of the crew must serve for a time on a vessel of war. On the majority of ships, however, the officers are men of the sea who have fought their way up, step by step, entirely by merit and not at all by favor. On the American line even after a man has reached the rank of captain he must pass a rigid examination every five years.—Collier's.

Easily Compromised.

She—And actually there was a lion in your path? What did you do?

He—Oh, I merely said to the lion, "You seem to have got here first, so it belongs to you! Then I took another path!"—Boston Transcript.

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Crowley, Mary Catherine. Daughter of New France. C387D
Howells, W. D. Pair of patient hovers. H37P
Johnson, Owen. Arrows of the Almighty. J629AR
Palmer, Frederick. Ways of the West. P-12W Vice.

Peter Gauthier, a young man who has caused the Manchester police some trouble in times past, was arrested there the first of the week for a job he is alleged to have done in Waverley. He was found disposing of a gold watch and chain, and had in his possession a knife, which was recently stolen from Charles Brown, of Waverley.

The concrete run which has lately been laid in front of the Belmont fire-house is a great improvement.

The ladies of the Waverley Unitarian society are giving the interior decorations of the church, together with the furniture, a thorough overhauling in order to have it in readiness for the fall season.

"Chief," the Belmont fire horse, which has been in the department for some time, was overcome by the heat, Monday, while attached to the watering cart. He was treated by a veterinary surgeon and appears to be all right, although he will have to be kept quiet for some time to regain his health.

Miss Elsie Marie Arenstorf, of Somerset street, Belmont, was given in marriage, Wednesday, to Mr. Geo. H. Tucker, formerly of Baltimore, Md., by her father, Mr. Henry F. Arenstorf, Rev. and Reginald A. Coe, of the All Saints' church, officiated over the services. A reception was held later in the evening, when the young couple received the congratulations of a host of friends. The bride was very prettily gowned in light blue liberty satin, and carried a bouquet of bride's roses. Many beautiful and valuable gifts were received. Mr. and Mrs. Tucker will reside in Hotel Oxford, Oxford street, Cambridge.

Mr. Patrick Eagan, aged 70 years, died last Saturday of old age, having suffered for some time from heart trouble. The funeral services were held in St. Joseph's church under the charge of Rev. Fr. Murphy. He leaves a widow. The interment was at Walgrave Mt. Eagan has been a resident of Belmont for a great many years, having served as gardener for Mr. Wm. J. Underwood up to the time of that gentleman's death, when he continued in the same capacity under Mr. Loring Underwood, where he was employed up to the time of his death.

Selectman Thomas W. Davis will spend the summer at his cottage at Lake Sunapee.

Rice-Hutchins added another victory to the long list, Saturday, by defeating the Belmonts at Belmont. The pitching of Dickinson was very good. He struck out nine men and allowed only six hits. The features were the playing of Johnson for Belmont and the batting of Kenney for Rice-Hutchins.

A very exciting scene was enacted, Monday afternoon, on the McLean horse track, when a panic stricken horse, he became frightened and started on a run, drawing the hospital wagon near him. F. E. Bacon was on the seat. Near

In order to correct a misrepresentation, the undersigned wish to call your attention to the fact that they are in no way connected with any corporation or trust.

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Mill street the wagon collided with an obstacle and was upset and the horse was thrown. Mr. Bacon crawled out. The horse was set upon his feet, but fell over, dead. The wagon was badly demolished, but Mr. Bacon was uninjured.

Rev. Charles S. Scott, of Waverley, filled the pulpit of the Immanuel Baptist church, Cambridge, last Sunday, at both morning and evening services.

The Waverley Juniors defeated the Sacred Heart church team at baseball, 18 to 13, last Saturday. The game was played in Cambridge.

The band concert given Thursday night in the old band stand was a marked success, regardless of the storm which blew up late in the evening. A large crowd gathered around the band stand and applauded the music. It is expected that the audience will be greatly increased next Thursday.

The latest list of assessed polls in Belmont shows 198, an increase of forty-three over last year.

Edward Ahern has petitioned to be appointed administrator of his father's estate.

An electric fan has been lately installed in the public library.